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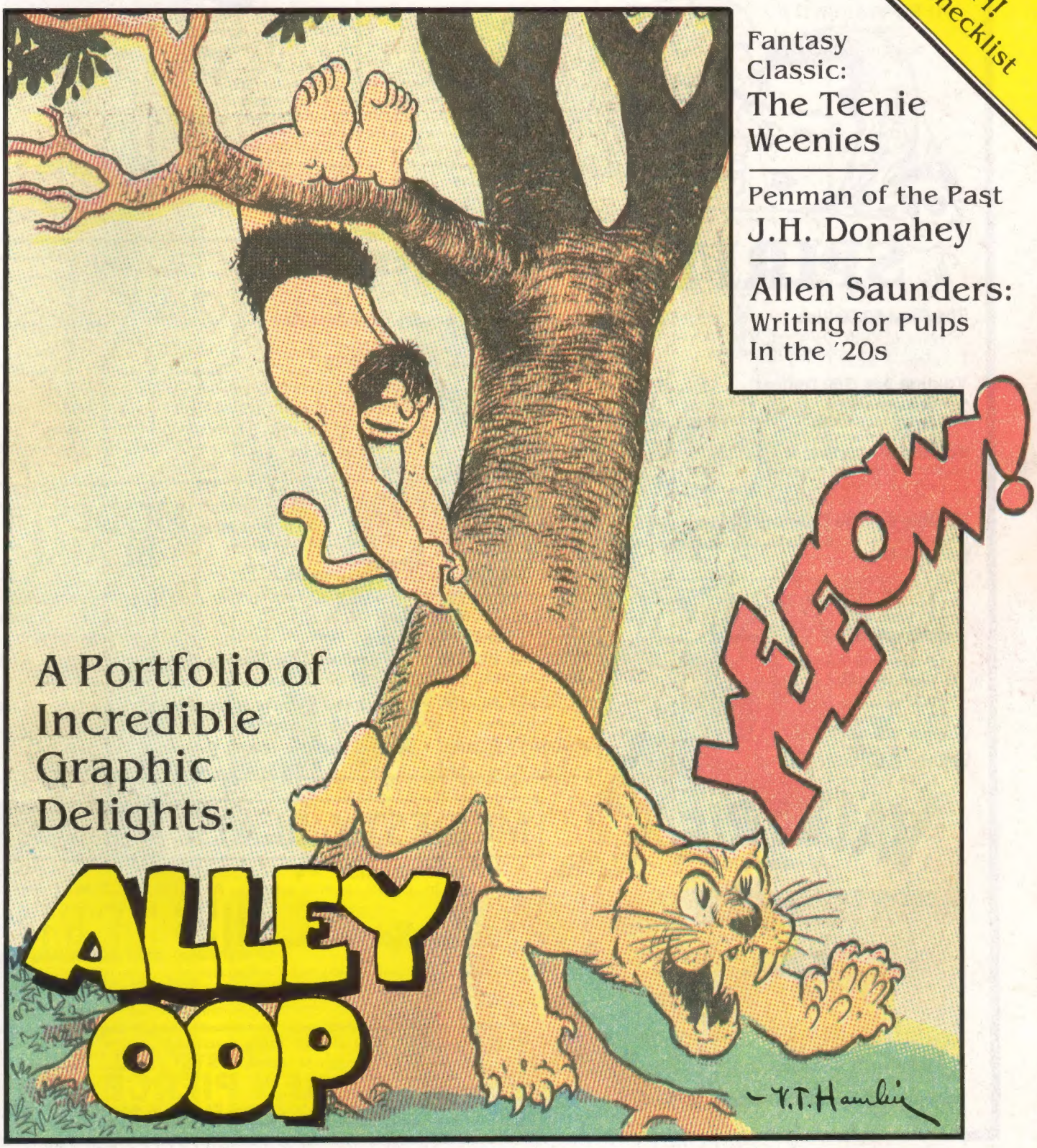

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HERB GALEWITZ

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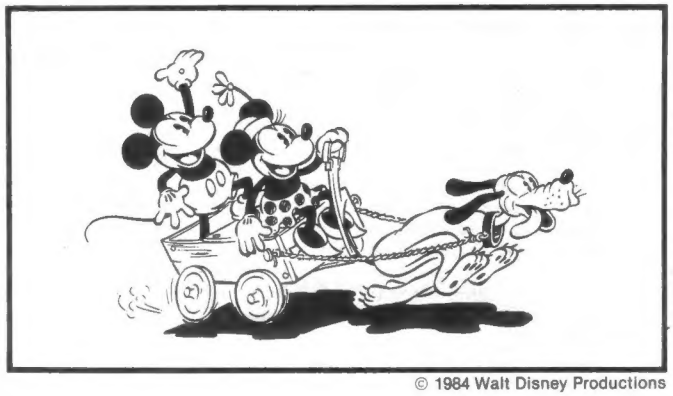

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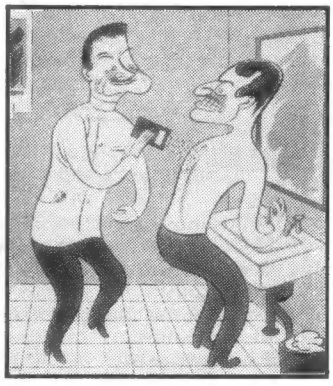

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THE DAYS OF REAL STRIPS!

To many fans, Clare Briggs was the master of the panel cartoon, the genre study, the nostalgia/kid drawing, the domestic-quarrel situation . . . but Mark Johnson unearths a marvelously inventive Sunday page that put Briggs's name on the map in the early years of this century: *Danny Dreamer*!

PENMAN OF THE PAST: ZIM!

The great Eugene Zimmerman splashed his freewheeling cartoons across the pages of *Judge* at the turn of the century. Discover the art and raucous humor of one of America's funniest penmen in an art portfolio.

ALSO: Book reviews . . . by Bill Blackbeard, Prof. Tom Inge, and Rick Marschall.

Don't miss NEMO's Special Birthday Issue!

Editorial

Raping Paper

In the field of history—the branch called historiography, to be more precise—everything has labels as distinguishing as those used in laboratory experiments. It should be so: History is a science, as well as a craft, as well as an art. History is literature, too, as Theodore Roosevelt posited in his inaugural address as President of the American Historical Association. Two of the labels we clinically apply to origins of historical data are Primary and Secondary Source Material.

In *NEMO* we offer a journal of essentially secondary source material: reviews, criticism, essays, biography. But we determine to present as well a good deal of primary source material in the form of first-person interviews, oral history, autobiography, and straight reprints of original and sequential materials.

It is our intention that years from now a complete set of *NEMO* will provide much more than entertaining reading—that it, in itself, will be a vital sourcebook for comics historians. When we don't offer technically primary material, we serve as the signpost closest to the exit ramp.

Unbeknownst, however, to many comics fans (who weren't aware) and many professional historians and archivists (who didn't—and still don't—care), the type of material we document, publicize, and glorify in *NEMO* has come very close to being non-existent. The art form of the comic strip—a literature in picture-and-word synthesis, that, we constantly maintain, will someday find its greatest exponents alongside Twain and Dickens—has been in quiet but mortal danger of having portions of its heritage disappear!

How is this possible with a cultural phenomenon so recently in our grasp?—for comics only began around the turn of the century. How could this happen with elements of the most widely circulated print entertainment?—for, it has been estimated, 400 million people a day read *Blondie*, and what author ever had such a readership! How has this come to pass in a nation of savers as we are—for America has archives, repositories, and libraries dotting the landscape as nowhere else in the world.

And what is the crisis to which we refer? Consider: Incomplete archives of the life work of George Herriman . . . until recently, an incomplete run of Segar's *Popeye* . . . nowhere, likewise, is there a complete run of the Hearst Sunday comics from the formative first decade . . . there are no known complete, uniform runs of uncut classic daily strips from the '30s like *Mandrake, The Phantom,* or *Brick Bradford* . . . no one collection has a complete run of *The Yellow Kid,* the seminal feature that had such a brief life . . .

Why the crisis . . . and whose bloody hands are the guiltiest? The problem, recently perceived, is that the offending parties have shown little or no regard for preservation of files. Let's cross-examine each witness.

Librarians have been in the vanguard of the Know-Nothings who will never grant strip art the status of, say, the latest Stephen King mindrot that dutifully fills their shelves (we're speaking initially here of local librarians). So every library around the corner will automatically stock, and retain, the *N.Y. Times,* but ignore papers with fat comics sections. Then, when they *do* subscribe to such other papers, chances are the comics won't be saved. Up to the most august of institutions, this problem is compounded: Dignified libraries wouldn't be caught dead with a Hearst paper on their shelves for several decades—so the wonderful, formative years of important strips and artists are well-nigh lost to us (the Spanish-American War period, for instance: It was a conflict practically nurtured by the Hearst papers; respectable folks deplored the hoopla, or were supposed to; consequently scholars are deprived of original-source material from one of the most vital, fascinating periods of journalistic history). Further: Librarians, when microfilming a run of newspapers, will routinely abandon precious runs of strip material to chance—although, lately, prescient collectors and institutions have been on the look-out.

Newspapers themselves can be the worst offenders, although some papers' files have been unearthed with treasures of the past—and they have survived only because of absolute neglect of these files. Otherwise, researchers have discovered newspapers' files to have been ransacked, badly assembled, poorly maintained, and sometimes kept between radiators and sun-filled windows—just the best recipe for instant Brittle.

Syndicates have been absurdly blind to the value of the very things they peddle—and, not coincidentally, the current quality and trends of the editorial product is merely a mirror-image of the syndicates' traditional regard for the Strip as an art form (tee hee). If the pushcart mentality were not so pervasive, syndicates would not have let the greatest features fall into public domain; not let trademarks expire; not let vital information evaporate; not be lacking uniform, proof-quality runs of their strips, their lifeblood. As it is, in nine out of 10 incidents, the syndicates are the *last* place a researcher would go to locate runs of strips—for commercial reprints or for scholarly study.

Unfortunately cartoonists are guilty too, but they can be faulted less. It is a rare thing to find a cartoonist with a complete file of his career's output—and many can't put their hands on last week's clippings. But the nature of the strip cartoonist almost demands such. His business is to think of tomorrow—tomorrow's deadlines, stories, characters, quality—and not to dwell on the past.

All these abominations have been tempered by some recent trends, particularly the emergence of individual scholars, collectors, and dealers. Most notable, however, has been the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, and the remarkable person of Bill Blackbeard. It is his obsession to collect every piece of comic strip art—in clippings, tearsheets, and full newspapers, whatever—that has appeared. And he is well on his way to achieving that goal. A future issue of *NEMO* will in fact feature a visit to the amazing Academy, where strips, as well as children's books, posters, pulps, magazines, and such are also collected. Much honor is due this man. As he acquires entire files from myriad sources—including the Library of Congress—not only does he seek out every *edition* of every paper he can find, but he upgrades his strip collection for the best possible reproductions.

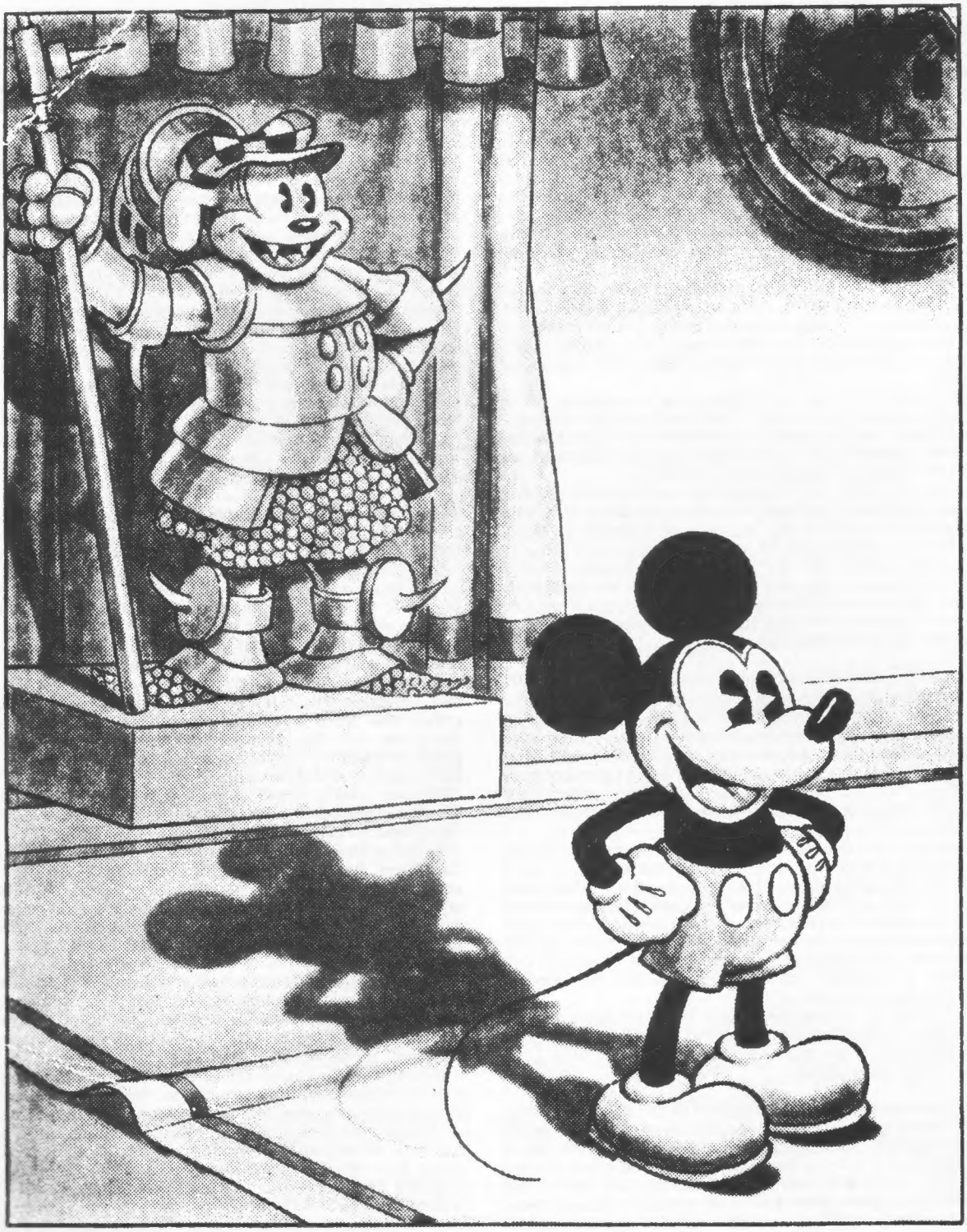
By such efforts he has begun—in the very nick of time—to salvage examples of a mass medium that was in real danger of being lost forever to us. Others have joined in the crusade—amateur saviors of cultural relics—and thanks are no less due them. Many of these names you will find on the *NEMO* staff list, and we are grateful to have the support of this group of paper-archaeologists. Likewise we hope that *NEMO* itself will be at once a repository of such discoveries and an encouragement to those who might enlist in the effort.

It's a disheartening battle, in a way. Gems are still being lost; recently a major collection of syndicate material and memorabilia was discarded (just before I—sob!—learned of it) after it had been rejected by museums and corporate archives; those "gold in the attic" stories are to no effect. Ironically there are no worse offenders than in the book trade, where treasured volumes surface. For years I have come across countless numbers of cartoons ripped from the pages of *Harper's Weekly, Puck,* or *Judge* at bookstores and flea markets. Surveying the remains of such dismembered magazines and volumes, I usually inquire about the rest of the violated contents—and the response, self-defensively and without fail, is "Oh, I *got* these prints this way, as individual sheets." Sure. And vivisectionists are just checking for ticks.

Enough roaming will turn up culprits. A recent visit to the Pageant Book Shop in New York found me face-to-face with a young fellow in the back of the store, casually, but with machine-like routine, slicing up Victorian-era magazines, the drawings to be put in Mylar sleeves and sold as Thomas Nast Politicals or Winslow Homer Prints or Victorian Tennis Scenes at ridiculous prices, to sit in bins for years, thumbed through with regularity but seldom bought.

It is a crime, and ought to be legislated so, as other countries protect their Pre-Columbian artifacts—treasures of their national culture. In the meantime I'm writing my congressman to make the Pack Rat the National Animal.

Richard Marschall



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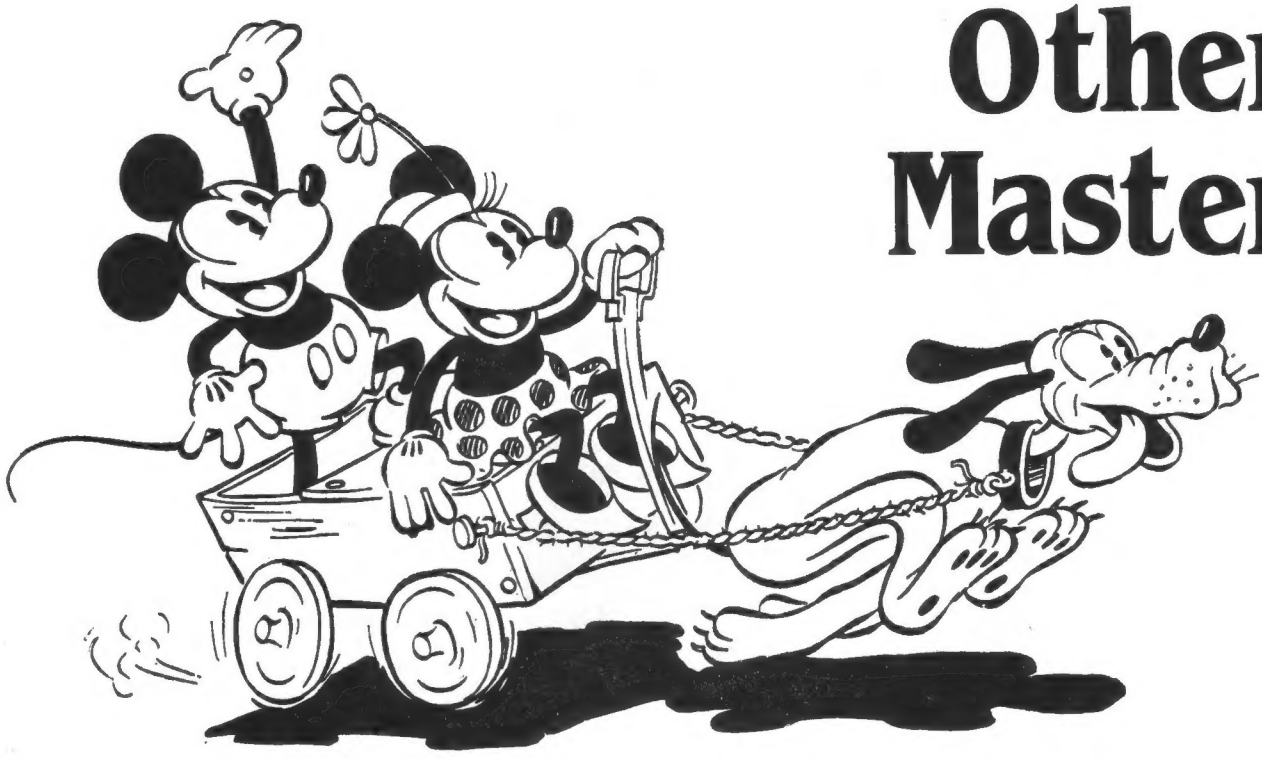
Gobs of Good Wishes
Mickey Mouse

ME too
Butch

Around May, 1931, when fans wrote to Disney asking for Mickey drawings, this is the sketch they received by return mail.

The Mouse's Other Master



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EXCLUSIVE *NEMO* INTERVIEW

For more than 45 years, Floyd Gottfredson ghosted the Mickey Mouse *daily comic strip (the strip always bore Walt Disney's signature, never Gottfredson's). Only now, since his retirement in 1975, has Gottfredson begun to receive acclaim for one of the most remarkable careers in comics. In this interview, Tom Andrae talks with Gottfredson about his life and work.*

Andrae: Where did you grow up?
Gottfredson: I was born May 5, 1905 in (believe it or not) a railroad station in Kaysville, Utah. My grandad was a station agent on a branch line of the D&R Railroad. He and my grandmother lived in the station. I was raised in a small town—Sigurd, Utah, 180 miles south of Salt Lake City.
Andrae: When did you first become interested in cartooning?
Gottfredson: When I was 13 I started studying cartooning by correspondence with the Landon School of Cleveland, Ohio. I got into it by accident. My mother was in the hospital and while I was waiting to visit her I saw an ad which had a picture in it of the crown prince of Germany. This was during World War I. I had nothing else to do so I copied it and just left the drawing sitting on the table. My uncle saw it and told me that I should send it in. I did and the school sent me their literature. To be able to earn money for the first course I sold copies door to door of a book my grandad Gottfredson, a Mormon pioneer, had written about his experiences fighting the Blackhawk Indians in central Utah.
Andrae: What was your first professional work as a cartoonist?
Gottfredson: I was working as a projectionist and advertising artist—handbills, program booklets, lobby posters, etc.—for a small movie-theatre chain. In 1926 I started taking another correspondence course, this time with the Federal Schools of Illustrating and Cartooning of Minneapolis (now Art Instruction Schools, Inc.). The nearest art schools were in Salt Lake City, so correspondence was the most practical way for me to go. About a third of the way through the course the school began to find work for me. I was soon doing four cartoons a month for an automotive trade journal publishing house in Terre Haute, Indiana—by mail. I did one page or a strip for each of them from 1927 until six months after I went to work at Disney's, then had to drop them because of lack of time. I was also doing occasional cartoons for *The Salt Lake City Telegram* and a Farm Bureau magazine, *The Utah Farmer*.
Andrae: How did you come to work for the Disney Studio?
Gottfredson: In 1928, at the suggestion of the Federal Schools, I entered a national cartoon contest sponsored by the American Tree Association and judged by top-notch artists like editorial cartoonist J.N. Darling. To my great surprise I won second place. On the strength of the contest I brought my family to Los Angeles in December of 1928, hoping to find

WEATHER
LOCAL STUFF
-AND SO IS SALT LAKE
by GOTTFREDSON
AN AFTERTHOUGHT
"I WONDER WHAT TRAFFIC JAM TASTES LIKE?"
HALLOWEEN
HALLOWEEN! IT'D SURE BE GREAT TO BE A KID AGAIN FOR JUST THIS ONE NIGHT—
DON'T FORGET TO GATE HORSE.
HA! HA! HA!
BOO!
DERN LITTLE BRATS! WE NEVER WAS THAT MEAN WHEN WE WERE KIDS!
HIS EGGS
THE DESERTERS
POLITICS
WHAT'S A "POLITICAL MUD-SLINGER" POP?
IT'S A POLITICIAN WHO DOES PLASTERING FOR A LIVING SON—
SUBURB SOCIETY NOTES
BY SILAS SALTGRASS
WELL THE LOCAL GOSSIP GLEANERS ARE AT IT IN THERE AGAIN - MOTHER CALLS THEM SOME KIND OF A SEWING CLUB BUT IB THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE DOING I'M AS WRONG AS A RED DRESS AT A WEDDIN' - I DON'T KNOW WHAT ABILITY THEY HAVE AT DARNING BUT I DO KNOW THE WAY THEY MAKE THEIR STORIES GROW WOULD MAKE A LITERARY GENIUS GREEN WITH ENVY. THEY STARTED TALKIN' ABOUT DAN GRIGGS SHOOTIN AL WHITES DOG - AND WHEN THEY GET THROUGH THEY'LL HAVE DAN SHOOTIN' HIS WIFE AND ELOPIN' WITH TH DOG.
SEASONABLE POEM
The Political Issue
SMART COED "UP" SAYS STEAMER
G.O.P. UNDER HARDER HANDED
DEMOCRATS POOR MOUTH CLAIM
SAGW UNFIT CLAIM
INDOOR SPORTS
HURRY UP! IF THAT PUFF WAS SANDPAPER YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY NOSE LEFT!
AINT THAT JUST LIKE A KID?
WHAT- YOU ONLY FOUND TWO EGGS?
YEP- THE HENS MUST BE DRINK' UP MOM.

A 1927 Gottfredson cartoon drawn for the *Salt Lake City Telegram*.

work as a newspaper cartoonist. There were seven major newspapers there but I couldn't get a job with any of them so I had to go back to work as a movie projectionist. Late in 1929 the theater I was working in was torn down to extend a street through the site and I was out of work. I was looking for work on what was then known as 'film row'—Vermont Avenue—where all the film-exchanges were located, when I saw a one-sheet Mickey Mouse movie poster in front of the exchange that distributed Walt Disney's films. As a projectionist in Utah I had run all of Walt's and Ub Iwerks's *Oswald the Lucky Rabbit* animated cartoons so I was familiar with their names but I had never seen or heard of Mickey Mouse. Out of curiosity I went in and the fellow there told me the story about Walt creating Mickey after losing Oswald to his distributor. He said that Walt was going to New York the next week to hire artists. I rushed home to get my portfolio, went to the studio, and got the job that afternoon. Walt hired me as an inbetweener and possible backup artist for the Mickey Mouse daily newspaper comic strip which was then about to be launched by King Features Syndicate. I went to work the following day—Dec. 19, 1929.

Andrae: How did you come to do the Mickey Mouse daily strip?

Gottfredson: After looking over my samples Walt asked me what sort of cartooning I was interested in. I told him comic strip work. He said, "You don't want to get into that rat race. Newspaper work is low-paying and has no future. The future is in animation." I told him that he'd talked me into it and went to work as an inbetweener.

Walt, Ub Iwerks, and an artist named Win Smith had been preparing the *Mickey Mouse* comic strip for about six months and it was released on Jan. 13, 1930. Walt wrote the first 18 strips, Ub pencilled them, and Win inked them. Win later did both the penciling and inking and Walt continued to write the strip. But after four months Win had a blow-up with Walt. Walt was trying to get him to take over the writing because he didn't have time for it any more. Because of Walt's prodding Smith quit and since Walt had hired me as a backup man on the strip he asked me to take it over. By now I had become very interested in animation and told Walt I'd rather stay in it. So Walt asked me to take over the strip for two weeks until he could find another artist to do it. My first strip appeared May 5, 1930. After a month I began to wonder if he was looking for anyone. After two months I was worrying for fear that he would find someone. Nothing further was ever said about it and I continued to draw the *Mickey* daily strip for 45½ years—until my retirement on Oct. 1, 1975.

Andrae: How was the Mickey strip started?

Gottfredson: Because of the great success of the *Mickey Mouse* films, King Features asked Walt to do a *Mickey Mouse* comic strip. The first strips had little continuity and were semi-related gag-a-day sequences involving Mickey's episodes on a cannibal island and later back home. In these episodes Walt used gags they had done in the Mickey animated shorts. In March, 1930, King Features requested Walt to turn it into a continuity (the first adventure begins on March 31, 1930). Continuities were becoming popular and replacing the gag-a-day strips due to the great success of Sidney Smith's *The Gumps*.

Andrae: When did you take over the writing?

Gottfredson: Walt wrote the first three weeks of the first continuity, a story that began in a haunted house and ended up out west ("Mickey Mouse in Death Valley"). I took over the writing at once, with the drawing, finishing the "Death Valley" continuity, in April of 1930 (the first release appearing on May 5).

I wrote the daily strip until late 1932 but because I was also managing the comic strip department as well as drawing the *Mickey* strip I had to bring in other writers. After that time until June 24, 1955, the continuities were written by five different writers: Webb Smith, Ted Osborne, Merrill de Maris, Dick Shaw, and the late great Bill Walsh.

But I continued to plot all the stories until June, 1943 and edited all the writing until Jan. 1, 1946. The reason for this was that, while these writers were good at dialogue and breaking down a story into panels, they weren't good at plotting continuities. I didn't know anything about it either at first, but because I was running the department I had to do it. So—influenced by *The Gumps* and Roy Crane's *Wash Tubbs*, the top continuities at the time—I just started in. When Bill Walsh became a writer in mid-1943 he was so good that he was able to take over the plotting as well. Walsh had been a writer and publicist for the *George Burns and Gracie Allen* and *Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy* shows and later became the screenwriter and producer of *Mary Poppins* and other Disney

hits. He continued plotting and writing the *Mickey* strip after he became a big producer, and he didn't want to quit even when he didn't have time for it. When we dropped continuities and started doing gag-a-day strips again in the mid-1950s we got different writers. Whereas the earliest writers didn't sketch, but typed out their scripts, these writers were sketch artists who had been story men in animation.

Andrae: You also worked on the Mickey Sunday page, didn't you?

Gottfredson: Yes. On January 10, 1932, we started the *Mickey Mouse* Sunday page which I pencilled, and Al Taliaferro and later Ted Thwaites inked, until mid-1938. Manuel Gonzales, a fine artist, started drawing it at that time and did so until February, 1981. He retired in June, 1981. The last story I drew was "The Brave Little Tailor" (Aug. 28 to Nov. 20, 1938).

Andrae: Did you also write the stories for the Mickey Sunday page?

Gottfredson: I supervised the writing of all the Sunday continuities but I plotted only the "Robin Hood" story.

Andrae: What was the pay schedule for doing the Mickey comic strip?

Gottfredson: When I started in December, 1929, all beginners were getting $18 a week. In about six months I started getting increases. As near as I remember the pay scale in the comic strip department ranged from about $40 to $140 per week through the 1930s.

Andrae: What was your rate of production?

Gottfredson: We produced six strips and one Sunday page per week. Initially we worked three weeks ahead on the dailies and six weeks ahead on the Sundays; when I retired we were working four weeks ahead on the dailies and eight on the Sundays.

Andrae: How did you go about producing a story?

Gottfredson: The writer and I worked in the same room. We would toss several ideas back and forth between us until I would come up with the general overall plot or at least something to start with. Then we would bat a week's worth of work between us while I was drawing and he was typing. When we got the week fairly settled he would break it down into strips and panels and write the dialogue and the action. I would then pencil the strips and turn them over to the inker. When he was through I would touch them up and send them to the syndicate.

SPARKS
OF FUN.
ROSEBUD WHAT'S THIS RESOLUTION THING I'M HEARIN' ABOUT EVERY NEW YEAR?
DON' YOU KNOW 'BOUT THAT DIDN' YOU EVER HEAR A GARAGE MAN SAY THIS MOTOR HAS MAKIN' SO MANY RESOLUTIONS PER MINUTE? IT'S A MECHANICAL TERM MAN—IT'S A MECHANICAL TERM!
MEANNESS WITH COMPETITORS
NOPE! I BELIEVE THIS WILL DO ME MORE GOOD
CLEAN COMPETITION
BATTERY MAN
TAKING CARE OF HIS HEALTH—

An early Gottfredson cartoon, for an automotive trade journal from Terre Haute, Indiana, dated January, 1929.

As I said before, I inked the strip for the first two years and afterwards pencilled it while other artists did the inking. I took over the inking again from late 1946 until my retirement in Oct. 1975. This was after I gave up management of the comic strip department. By the end of 1945 we had four artists and three writers for five features. I had to choose between managing the department and drawing the strip. My first love was cartooning so in January, 1946 we brought in Frank Reilly, former comics editor of the Associated Press Syndicate, to become editor and manager of the department. After I was freed from this responsibility I was able to take over inking the strip again. As good as the inkers were they were never able to capture fully what you wanted in your own drawing.

Andrae: How did you come up with ideas for stories?

Gottfredson: We did tongue-in-cheek versions of whatever was popular in the films or fads of the time. "Mickey the Detective" was done at the time when Sherlock Holmes, Perry Mason, and Phillip Marlowe stories were popular. Dog-racing was popular one year so we did "Pluto the Racer." In the middle '30s there were a number of science-fiction films like H.G. Wells's *Things to Come*, so we did "Mickey Mouse on Sky Island," a story about the development of atomic power. Movies like *Scarface* and *Little Caesar* were the basis for "Mickey Mouse Runs His Own Newspaper" in which Mickey is attacked by Chicago-style gangsters who run a protection racket and spray machine gun bullets from speeding limousines. The animated *Mickey* films influenced us more than anything else, although the stories weren't anything alike. Whenever we could we would base a continuity on them. "Mickey and the Seven Ghosts," for example, was inspired by the *Mickey* short "Lonesome Ghosts." In 1933 we did "Mickey Mouse in Blaggard Castle," influenced by the *Mickey* cartoon of the same year, "The Mad

Gottfredson's second-place cartoon for the National Cartoon Contest sponsored by the American Tree Association. It was this drawing and its success that prompted Gottfredson to aspire to a career as a newspaper cartoonist.

Doctor." I modelled three mad scientists, all with deep black eyes, after Boris Karloff in a movie I had just seen.

Andrae: Did you follow any set pattern in constructing a story line?

Gottfredson: We recapped in some sequences, depending on the story. We always tried to build the story in steadily rising peaks and valleys of suspense culminating in a big climax at the end.

Andrae: Which characters did you invent?

Gottfredson: I created the Phantom Blot, the Bat Bandit, Eega Beeva, and a multitude of incidental characters. Walt created Peg-Leg Pete, Eli Squinch, and Sylvester Shyster.

Andrae: How was the Phantom Blot created?

Gottfredson: I had been visualizing a character to look like that who we could do a mystery story with. So my writer suggested a story involving stolen cameras and a water-front locale. The Blot was slightly based on an Edgar Allen Poe story which contained the phrase "the nigger in the woodpile." The name came from two little black kids called "the Blots" in Walter Hoban's *Jerry on the Job*. They were like Siamese twins who moved and talked in unison, and were drawn coal black except for their white eyes and lips. I wanted to use someone I could call the Blot. We never called him the Phantom Blot; that was a name given to him in the comic book reprints.

Andrae: Why was the Blot so softhearted that he invented devices to kill Mickey but would never harm him in person?

Gottfredson: This was done because we couldn't do any killing in the strip. We had to show violence in a tongue-and-cheek way so we could only go so far.

Andrae: What was the relation between the Mickey animated cartoons and the Mickey comic strip?

Gottfredson: We always followed the lead of the *Mickey* animated cartoons and tried to maintain their spirit. But because we were doing adventure continuities, we had to go beyond them. They didn't try much to develop a story in the cartoons; they just used an idea they could hang a series of gags onto that would culminate in a conclusion. We had to develop the stories and characters more and make Mickey more into a little adventurer. However, we followed the cartoons whenever they made changes in a character's physical appearance, like putting pupils in Mickey's eyes or the general streamlining of the character. These changes would generally flow down to us in the form of improved model sheets or memos from Walt.

During the war, for example, they dropped Mickey's tail and Goofy's ears in the cartoons so we were told to do the same in the strip. They dropped them because so many artists went into the service and so much of their work was for the government that they had a limited staff. So they had to cut down on the amount of drawing. After the war, Walt told us to put the ears and tail back on. Also whenever Walt or his men felt that a character would become a permanent member of the family Walt had us use him in the strip to publicize him. This was true of Goofy, Pluto, Donald, and other characters. When they phased a character out of the animated cartoons we would usually follow their lead in the comic strip. This was one of the main reasons why Goofy later replaced Horace Horsecollar as Mickey's sidekick.

Andrae: Did the Mickey comic strip ever influence the animation?

Gottfredson: Only rarely. Peg-Leg Pete, for example, was created by Walt in the comic strip in the gold mine story (Pete first appears on April 12, 1930). The cat villain in the early animation was unnamed and didn't have a peg leg, vest, or derby hat. Later Peg-Leg was carried over into animation. At one time they considered doing an amalgamation of some of the continuities but it never got off the ground. So there were basically two audiences for Mickey—one growing up on the comic strips and comic books, the other growing up on the animated cartoons.

Andrae: Why was Pete's peg leg dropped?

Gottfredson: When the animators first used Peg-Leg they animated him like any other character and he walked too naturally. Walt told them to get some weight on it and use it like a peg leg. They began to experiment and have so much fun that they overdid it to the point where it looked painful when Pete stepped on it. Walt said "I've led you guys astray, so I think we'll just put a leg on him and forget it." Because we were trying to keep to the spirit of the cartoons, Pete lost his peg leg in the strip and we renamed him Black Pete. When Pete faded out of the animation we decided that he was much more colorful with a peg leg and, since we didn't like the name Black Pete, we put his peg back on him. We explained it by saying that he had been wearing an artificial leg and didn't like it as well so he went back to his peg.

Andrae: Was Walt responsible for the evolution of Mickey's appearance toward the more streamlined look of the later '30s and '40s?

Gottfredson: No. This developed among the animators. In two Mickey cartoons, *The Little Whirlwind* and *The Nifty Nineties*, Fred Moore and Riley Thompson made Mickey into a highly streamlined character. Walt thought that his streamlined

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Gottfredson was one of the Disney staff members who gathered around a group of Mickey Mouse dolls for this photo taken around 1930. Standing, from left, are Gilles de Tremaudan, Ben Sharpsteen, Tom Palmer, Jack Cutting, Jack King, Floyd Gottfredson, unidentified, Chuck Couch, Bert Gillett, Emil Flohri, Tom McKimson, and Bert Lewis. Kneeling are Dave Hand, Cecil Surry, Wilfred Jackson, Walt Disney, Les Clark, Dick Lundy, Johnny Cannon, and Norman Ferguson.

Mickey was too skinny and odd-looking and had Fred fatten him up again. Walt wanted to move away from the old round-ball body and head of the early Mickey and so he went with the more flexible style because it animated more smoothly. In 1938, when the studio held a party to celebrate the completion of *Snow White*, Ward Kimball did a cover for the program and put pupils in Mickey's eyes for a joke. The animators liked it, so Walt carried it over into the cartoons.

Andrae: Did Walt supervise your work closely?

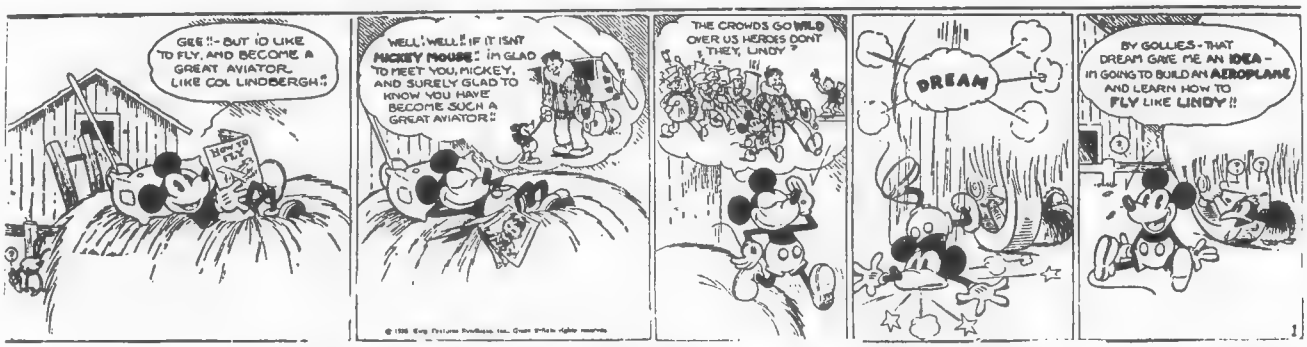
Gottfredson: During the first couple of months I worked on it, I took the strips into Walt's office for his approval. But after that he was too busy to supervise me. He said he would watch the proof sheets and let me know if he wanted any changes. We seldom heard from Walt after the first year or two. He would occasionally send us memos to keep us abreast of changes in the animation but we got these only about once a year. The only criticisms I ever got were about cluttering the strip too much. Walt stopped me one day on the Studio lot and asked, "Why do you put all that junk in there? Simplify, simplify." Being a young artist I wanted to put everything I knew how to draw into every panel. Later, one time when he was in Florida, he sent me a copy of the strip with a note on the margin: "Too damn much junk. Clean it up." I think that was the last criticism I ever heard from him.

Andrae: Did you ever have problems with censorship?

Gottfredson: We had very little supervision. We were just expected to maintain the spirit of the animated cartoons and follow the general policies of the studio. A funny incident illustrates this point. We were doing the "Blaggard Castle" continuity. Two mad scientists got hold of Mickey in their dungeon and lowered him onto a ledge above an alligator pit. The only escape-route was across the pit of hungry alligators to a ledge on the other side. Mickey found a feeding stick and vaulted across. He got halfway across and the pole broke. We left him suspended there on Saturday. The syndicate sent us a frantic wire saying that we had to cut out this entire alligator sequence. They said that reptiles shocked women and children and were offensive. There was no way we could do it over and get to the papers in time. So I took the photostats to Walt. Walt said, "This is a good funny adventure; I'm sure you've thought of a way out of it that's on the humorous, not the deadly serious, side." I told him I had, and he said that he would wire the syndicate and take care of it. So the sequence was left in; in cases like this he was more powerful than they were.

The only serious case of censorship concerned the satire we did of *The Prisoner of Zenda* movie called "The Monarch of Medioka." In the story the king was threatened by his uncle the archduke, who conspired to take over his throne. The king's emissaries hid the king away and replaced him with Mickey, his exact double, whom they had kidnapped. This sequence dealing with the archduke's attempt to overthrow the king was being paralleled in Yugoslavia at the time—although we weren't aware of it—so one week of strips was cut there. A wire service printed the story about the censorship and it went around the world, embarrassing Yugoslavia to the point where they started the strip again.

Also, the syndicate censored the last panel of the "Mickey Mouse and the 'Lectro Box" story. Mickey had just given the 'Lectro Box to the government's scientists to keep it from


GEE!!- BUT I'D LIKE TO FLY, AND BECOME A GREAT AVIATOR, LIKE COL LINDBERGH!!
HOW TO FLY
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T MICKEY MOUSE! I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU, MICKEY, AND SURELY GLAD TO KNOW YOU HAVE BECOME SUCH A GREAT AVIATOR!!
THE CROWDS GO WILD OVER US HEROES DON'T THEY, LINDY?
DREAM
BY GOLLIES - THAT DREAM GAVE ME AN IDEA - I'M GOING TO BUILD AN AEROPLANE AND LEARN HOW TO FLY LIKE LINDY!!
WE'LL SOON SEE THE MORTIMER MANSION- OLD SHYSTER MUST HAVE SOME REASON FOR WANTING TO BUY IT!!
OLD MORTIMER ESTATE ?!!
OKAY! I GETCHA MR SHYSTER!
.....SO GET YOUR GANG TOGETHER TONIGHT!
AH! THERE'S THE OLD MORTIMER MANSION ON THE HILL--LETS CHANGE THE NAME AND CALL IT "DANDRUFF ON THE KNOB"
WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WHO IS ALWAYS WATCHING AND FOLLOWING MICKEY?
WALT DISNEY
4-12

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TOP: The first *Mickey Mouse* daily newspaper strip, from January 13, 1930, written by Walt Disney, penciled by Ub Iwerks, and inked by Win Smith.
ABOVE: Peg-Leg Pete made his first appearance—in silhouette—in this strip (written by Walt Disney and drawn by Win Smith) of April 12, 1930.

causing further mischief. Originally the last panel showed that the box had caused the scientist's pants to fall down, revealing their multi-colored shorts. The syndicate changed the panel so that the gag was deleted.

Another example of censorship occurred in Italy. According to an Italian fan, Mussolini, his children, and grandchildren were fans of the *Mickey* strip. During the Second World War we began to do anti-Axis stories in the strip. Mussolini held off taking it out of the papers until Hitler forced him to censor it. According to this fan, this censorship of the *Mickey* strip caused the beginning of the first youth rebellion against Mussolini.

Andrae: Did you receive much fan mail?

Gottfredson: Although the studio had received fan mail through the years, I never got it directly and didn't see or hear about it until years later. The story that got the most fan mail was a fluke. In 1931 we were offering pictures of Mickey to people who wrote in. The mail began coming in at a sack a day at first but in a few days this rose to eight sacks a day. Walt had to assign a full-time secretary to answer it. By the time the mail stopped coming, they took a publicity photo and the whole room was full of fan mail. Walt asked me if I was responsible for this situation and when I admitted I was he told me that "it was a great publicity stunt but for God's sake don't ever do it again."

Andrae: Why was continuity dropped in the Mickey daily?

Gottfredson: In the mid-1950s King Features decided that we should return to the gag-a-day formula. This was primarily due to the emergence of television. After the advent of TV, newspapers lost a tremendous amount of circulation and many were put out of business. The syndicate felt that TV could do continuity more effectively than humorous comic strips so they asked all their cartoonists who did this type of strip to change to the gag-a-day format. They felt that only the illustrative strip could compete with TV in doing adventure stories. I would prefer to return to some continuity—if it is handled in a humorous manner so that if the reader misses a day or two, it doesn't matter, and if it doesn't become quite as involved as in the older stories.

Andrae: There have been a number of stories about the creation of Mickey Mouse. Could you describe your recollections of Mickey's origins?

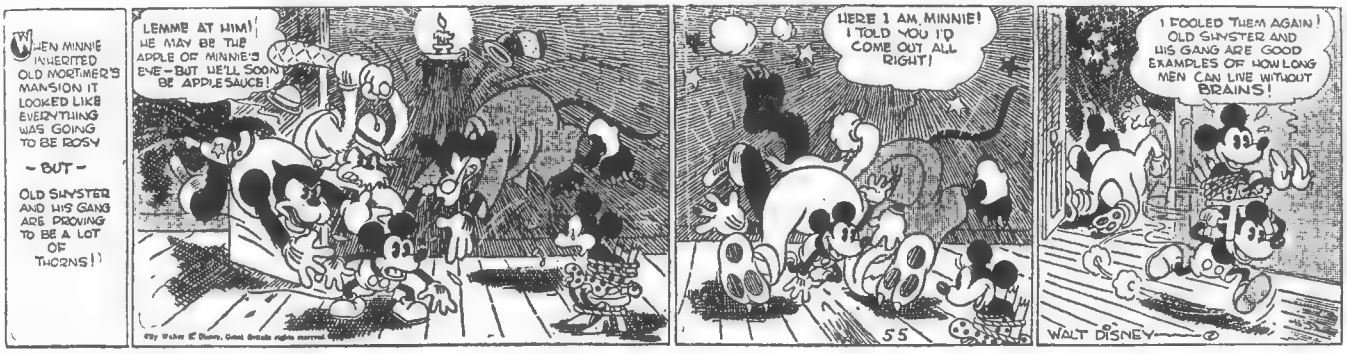
Gottfredson: You've undoubtedly read the story about how Walt created Mickey on the train back from New York after losing *Oswald*. Ub and Walt then both made sketches of Mickey but Ub's was much cuter. So Ub supplied the design and Walt created the character. None of Walt's drawings have survived but I think I saw one in a conference room years ago. It was white and looked very similar to a mouse in the old humor magazine, *Life*. I believe that this mouse might have inspired Walt's creation of Mickey but this is just a speculation. Ub's first drawings were very similar to the story-board sketches he did for the first Mickey cartoons. Whenever they planned to do a new picture Ub would make six or eight sketches on each of two or three sheets of paper to lay out the story. I salvaged some of these from the waste basket in 1933 and kept them for 40 years.

Andrae: What are your recollections of Ub Iwerks?

Gottfredson: He was the world's finest animator at the time. I used to work at the desk behind him. One day he asked me out to lunch. He wanted me to quit the studio and sign a contract with him. I admired Ub and had two children and needed the money, so I did. Roy Disney hit the ceiling when I told him I was going to leave. He said, "We're not going to let you go." So he phoned Ub, who tore up my contract. I was relieved afterwards because several of the top animators at the studio had told me that while Ub was a great designer, he was not the producer, idea man and businessman Walt was.

Andrae: Which cartoonists and cartoons influenced you?

Gottfredson: My first favorite was Bud Fisher's *Mutt and Jeff*. It was replaced by Merrill Blosser's *Freckles and his Friends* and later by Walter Hoban's *Jerry on the Job*. Through the years


WHEN MINNIE INHERITED OLD MORTIMER'S MANSION IT LOOKED LIKE EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE ROSY
- BUT -
OLD SHYSTER AND HIS GANG ARE PROVING TO BE A LOT OF THORNS!!
LEMME AT HIM! HE MAY BE THE APPLE OF MINNIE'S EYE - BUT HE'LL SOON BE APPLESAUCE!
HERE I AM, MINNIE! I TOLD YOU I'D COME OUT ALL RIGHT!
I FOOLED THEM AGAIN! OLD SHYSTER AND HIS GANG ARE GOOD EXAMPLES OF HOW LONG MEN CAN LIVE WITHOUT BRAINS!
WALT DISNEY

THE TRAP DOOR LEADING TO THE HYPNOTIC RAY ROOM IS FAR OUT OF MICKEY'S REACH, BUT.....
!!!
I USED TO POLE-VAULT AROUND TH' FARM, I WONDER IF...
IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE! I'VE GOTTA TAKE IT!
CRACK

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TOP: Floyd Gottfredson's first *Mickey Mouse* comic strip, published on May 5, 1930.

ABOVE: This strip, for January 26, 1933, was almost censored by King Features; only intervention by Walt Disney himself saved it.

my favorite cartoonists have been George Herriman, T.S. Sullivant, Russell Patterson, Cliff Sterrett, Fontaine Fox, Billy De Beck and J.N. Darling. Later Milt Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates* and *Steve Canyon* were influences, as were Roy Crane's great *Wash Tubbs* and *Buz Sawyer*. Of today's strips I like very much *Dennis the Menace, Grin and Bear It, Tiger, Peanuts, B.C., Hi and Lois, Sam's Strip, Wizard of Id,* and Karl Hubenthal's editorial cartoons.

Andrae: Were there any major influences on your writing style?

Gottfredson: I've been an avid reader all my life; I started out with Horatio Alger. I shot my arm with a shot gun when I was 11 years old and was in the hospital for a month. I belonged to an organization called the Lone Scouts which had a national magazine; my uncle wrote to them and told them about my accident and asked other kids to write to me. Kids from all over the country sent me letters and things including 42 Horatio Alger books. After that I graduated into boys' adventure books and detective stories. Later I was fascinated by flying.

Andrae: Do you have any favorite characters or stories?

Gottfredson: They were all fun to do at the time. I particularly enjoyed drawing "The Bat Bandit," "Mickey Mouse and the Dude Ranch Bandit," and "Mickey Mouse in the City of Tomorrow" continuities.

Peg-Leg Pete is my favorite character in addition to Mickey and Minnie. You could do more things with Pete than the other characters and visually he was a good contrast to Mickey.

Andrae: What was the origin of the Donald Duck comic strip?

Gottfredson: Al Taliaferro, who had been an inker on the *Mickey Mouse* daily and Sunday strips as well as the *Silly Symphonies* Sunday page, was very ambitious. He always wanted his own strip, so he pushed to have a *Donald Duck* strip published. But Roy Disney, who was in charge of approving it along with King Features, wasn't interested and felt that the existing Disney strips were enough. Al was persistent and worked up three weeks of *Donald Duck* dailies. Roy said he couldn't see much potential in them but agreed to show them to King Features. But they turned them down because they didn't like the gags. Al even rewrote the gags and resubmitted them and they turned them down again. Only when Bob Karp, who was working in the color model department, worked up some gags for the strip did they finally accept it. He and Al ran into the same problem again when they wanted to do a *Donald Duck* Sunday page, which was published in 1939 due to their persistence.

Andrae: Did you have anything to do with the comic books in which your Mickey stories were reprinted or redrawn?

Gottfredson: I had nothing to do with the reprints or the redrawing of my continuities. I thought the reprints of my work in the early *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* were amateurish. They added feet, cut characters down, re-lettered, moved balloons, etc., but they weren't professional artists. I never saw the redrawings of my work. The people who drew newspaper strips had a snobbish attitude towards comic books. To us comic books were a stepchild of the comic strips. The first ones were reprints of what we already had done, and consequently they were second-generation material and inferior to comic strips. We looked down on them and never read them. In fact, my continuities never had titles in the newspapers. I didn't know the titles given to them in the comic books until I went to some comic conventions and people told them to me.

Andrae: Which artists redrew your stories for the Disney comic books?

Gottfredson: Jack Bradbury, Bill Wright, Dick Moores, and Paul Murry. Murry was the chief *Mickey* comic book artist for a number of years.

Andrae: In an interview with Malcom Willets [Vanguard #2, Feb. 1968] you said that you approved wholeheartedly of the changes in Mickey's physical appearance in the later years: "I believe that these changes helped keep him alive; I don't regret them. Artistically, in my opinion, the mouse has never been drawn better. Now his figure is streamlined, shows sophistication; the drawing flows more. In the 1930s...Mickey's figure, composition-wise, was crude,

AN ANGRY, THREATENING CROWD SURGES ABOUT THE PALACE, SHOUTING ITS HATRED OF KING MICHAEL XIV, AND ITS LOYALTY TO DUKE VARLOTT!
IT LOOKS LIKE REVOLUTION; BUT DO NOT WORRY, YOUR MAJESTY! I HAFF ORDERED ZE MACHINE-GUNNERS TO OPEN FIRE-- AT ONCE!
OPEN FIRE? WHY, YOU IDIOT! WHERE ARE THEY?
ON ZE BALCONY!
YOU'VE PROBABLY RUINED EVERYTHING!
READY---- AIM----
STOP!
HIS MAJESTY, KING MICHAEL XIV!
WALT DISNEY
LISTEN BUTCH YOU'VE HELD UP THE PHOTOGRAPHER LONG ENOUGH- THIS PICTURE IS FOR MY FANS - YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE IN IT, ANY WAY.
O.K. I'LL GO HAVE ME FINGER-PRINTS MADE FOR MY FANS
THIS WILL MAKE A DISTINCTIVE SETTING FOR THE PICTURE- DON'T YOU THINK?
SURE ANY-THING TO GET IT OVER WITH!
READY- NOW! HOLD IT!
CLICK!
WALT DISNEY
5 23
WELL, THEY GOT IT-
WONDER HOW IT WILL LOOK?
IF YOU WANT ONE, SEND A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE TO MICKEY, IN CARE OF THIS PAPER-
FLYING THE AIR-MAIL MICKEY IS STARTLED TO SEE A BIG BLACK CLOUD AHEAD OF HIM MOVING AGAINST THE WIND!
IT'S SILLY T' WORRY ABOUT A CLOUD, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THAT ONE!
SAFETY FIRST! I'LL JUST DIVE UNDER IT! TH' MAIL MUST GO...
GOOD GOSH! IT'S TH' SPIDER!
4-16
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TOP: A strip from the "Monarch of Medioka" sequence, which was censored in Yugoslavia because events in the strip too closely paralleled events in that country.

MIDDLE: The offer of a free picture of Mickey in this strip for May 23, 1931, produced a flood of mail. [See page 6.]

ABOVE: From the "Mickey Mouse the Mail Pilot" story that ran between February and June 1933: April 16, 1933.

anatomically bad, bumpy, stodgy. There was no flow in composition; the design wasn't there...I shudder to look at the work I did during that period." Have you changed your mind about this statement?

Gottfredson: No, I haven't. I feel a little more kindly toward the old Mickey since I've gone back and worked with him recently. But I still like the new Mickey better. Everybody at the studio worked hard to streamline and make him more flexible because he animated better and was better designed. In my opinion, the best Mickeys ever done were by Fred Moore when Mickey was highly streamlined. I tried to imitate Fred but nobody could really copy his style. Adding pupils to Mickey's eyes also made him more flexible and gave him a wider range of emotional expression. When I first saw the pupils in Mickey's eyes in model sheets in 1938 I liked it immediately, although it was hard for me to do for awhile until I got used to it. I would like to see a compromise now: a streamlined Mickey but with a more pixie-ish personality. I always felt that Mickey should have been a little Chaplin Mouse against the world and I tried to promote the idea when they dropped the continuity and started the neighborhood atmosphere of the gag-a-day strips. Mickey had become bland and wishy-washy, too much like Dagwood and Blondie in the neighborhood format. But my idea for changing Mickey's personality was rejected.

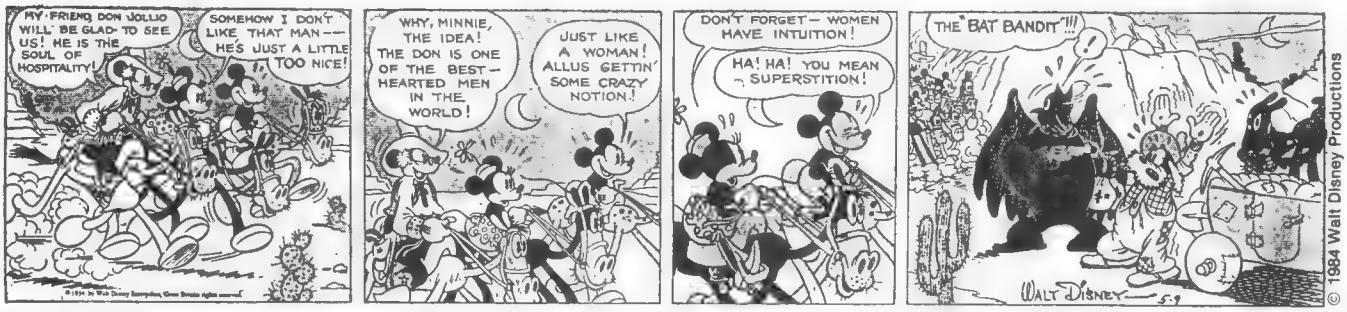
I didn't like to look at the stories past six months old. The old stories were too wordy and overloaded with dialogue. We were not proficient enough to establish a point and then move on.

Andrae: Now that you are receiving some recognition do you resent the anonymity you have worked under for all these years?

Gottfredson: Not at all. We always considered ourselves to be ghosts when we went to work for Disney's. This wasn't Walt's fault. The early cartoons didn't give any credits to the artists. After Walt gave credits to the animators in the features he proposed to King Features that we be able to sign the strip along with his name. But when he made this proposal they shook their heads in horror feeling that it would dilute the strip, confuse the reader, and lower the sales. So the authorship of the strip stayed entirely in Walt's name.

Andrae: What have you been doing now that you are retired?

Gottfredson: As I approached retirement I toyed with the idea for awhile of doing a satirical strip with a little human character, smaller in stature than Mickey, who was an international trouble shooter who travelled all over the world. I thought I might name him Marc O'Polo. But by the time I retired I decided that I didn't want to get back into the relentless scheduled grind of producing another daily strip and Sunday page. Recently I have been working on pen and ink watercolor paintings which re-create scenes from the


MY FRIEND DON JOLLIO WILL BE GLAD TO SEE US! HE IS THE SOUL OF HOSPITALITY!
SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THAT MAN— HE'S JUST A LITTLE TOO NICE!
WHY, MINNIE, THE IDEA! THE DON IS ONE OF THE BEST-HEARTED MEN IN THE WORLD!
JUST LIKE A WOMAN! ALLUS GETTIN' SOME CRAZY NOTION!
DON'T FORGET— WOMEN HAVE INTUITION!
HA! HA! YOU MEAN SUPERSTITION!
THE "BAT BANDIT"!!!
WALT DISNEY
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From the "Bat Bandit" continuity of April-July 1934: May 9, 1934.

Mickey continuities of the '30s and '40s for possible publication in a book. I prefer working in watercolors to oils because they are more splashy and lively. As professionals admit, watercolor is the toughest medium to work in; unlike oils, you've got to get it right the first time or start completely over. These are my first serious watercolors and were very difficult to do at first. When I got into re-creating these scenes the old Mickey was practically a stranger to me. To do the paintings I had to learn to draw the old Mickey all over. It's something like meeting an old friend!

A Mickey Checklist

Plot Synopses of Every *Mickey Mouse* Strip Adventure

Jan. 13 to Mar. 30, 1930
Gag-a-day strips with Mickey as a castaway on a desert island chased by a tribe of cannibals.

Mar. 31 to Sept. 13, 1930
"Mickey Mouse in Death Valley"
First adventure story. Sylvester Shyster, a crooked lawyer, is introduced as the first villain and Peg Leg Pete as his henchman. Mickey finds a map in an old haunted house to a lost gold mine in Death Valley.

Sept. 15 to Oct. 7, 1930
"Mr. Slicker and the Egg Robbers"
Mickey opens a miniature golf course and Slicker, one of his customers, tries to force Minnie to marry him. Just before she gets married, Mickey exposes Slicker as the head of a gang of crooks.

Feb. 23 to April 29, 1931
"The Rough House Rat—Creamo Catnera Prize Fight"
Mickey trains Minnie's cousin, Rough House Rat, to fight Creamo Catnera, for the World's championship. When Rough House runs away, Mickey has to fight Catnera. He is aided by Butch, an ex-member of Slicker's gang.

April 30 to July 7, 1931
"Mickey Mouse and the Circus Mystery"
After the skeleton man is caught raiding the circus icebox he takes revenge on the equestrienne Mlle. Maltese.

July 8, 1931
First appearance of Pluto.

July 20 to Nov. 7, 1931
"Mickey Mouse and the Gypsies"
On a camping trip with Horace and Clarabell, Minnie is captured by a gang of gypsies and almost killed until saved by Mickey.

Nov. 16, 1931 to Jan. 9, 1932
Mickey's adventures living at Clarabell's boarding house.

Jan. 11 to May 14, 1932
"Mickey Mouse and the Orphan's Benefit"
Mickey raises money for an orphanage by putting on a benefit performance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The money is stolen and Mickey and Horace Horsecollar are blamed. Mickey chases the real crooks, Peg Leg Pete and Shyster, to the far north and brings them back with the money.

May 16 to Nov. 11, 1932
"Mickey Mouse Sails for Treasure Island"
Mickey hunts for buried treasure but is shanghied by Pete and Shyster. He meets "Spooks" the gorilla and finds treasure on a cannibal island.

Nov. 12, 1932 to Feb. 10, 1933
"Mickey Mouse in Blaggard Castle"
Mickey fights mad scientists Professor Ecks and Doublex who hypnotize Horace and plot to conquer the world with their hypnotic ray.

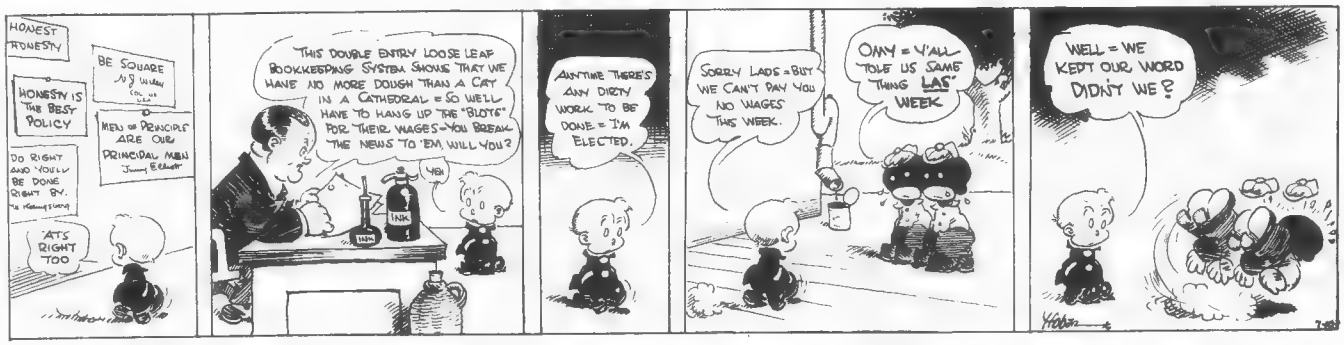
Feb. 11 to Feb. 25, 1933
Pete as a dog catcher after Pluto.

Feb. 27 to June 10, 1933
"Mickey Mouse the Mail Pilot"
Mickey is an airmail pilot who unmasks Pete and Shyster as airmail pirates who capture planes in a giant spider net.

June 12 to Oct. 7, 1933
"Mickey Mouse and His Horse Tanglefoot"
Mickey wins the big steeplechases race with a broken down race horse, Tanglefoot.

Oct. 9, 1933 to Jan. 6, 1934
"Mickey Mouse the Detective"
Dippy Dawg (the original Goofy) is first introduced as inheriting a detective agency. He and Mickey solve the "hair and red flannel" robberies and capture a gang of counterfeiters.

Jan. 7 to April 17, 1934
"Mickey Mouse and the Smugglers"
Mickey and Minnie fly food to the frozen north, then drift to


HONESTY
BE SQUARE
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY
MEN OF PRINCIPLE ARE OUR PRINCIPAL MEN
DO RIGHT AND YOU'LL BE DONE RIGHT BY.
AT'S RIGHT TOO
THIS DOUBLE ENTRY LOOSE LEAF BOOKKEEPING SYSTEM SHOWS THAT WE HAVE NO MORE DOUGH THAN A CAT IN A CATHEDRAL = SO WE'LL HAVE TO HANG UP THE "BLOTS" FOR THEIR WAGES = YOU BREAK THE NEWS TO 'EM, WILL YOU?
INK
YER
ANYTIME THERE'S ANY DIRTY WORK TO BE DONE = I'M ELECTED.
SORRY LADS = BUT WE CAN'T PAY YOU NO WAGES THIS WEEK.
OMY = Y'ALL TOLE US SAME THING LAS' WEEK
WELL = WE KEPT OUR WORD DIDN'T WE?

MICKEY HAS CONCOCTED A NEW SCHEME, THE SUCCESS OF WHICH DEPENDS ON LURING THE "BLOT" INTO A CHASE!
MEZOOKAS PHOTO SHOPPE
I'LL HAFTA START WITH A BIT OF BURGLARY, BUT I CAN FIX THAT UP LATER!
I HOPE THE "BLOT" GETS BLAMED FOR THIS!
AH--HERE WE ARE! HIS FAVORITE BRAND!
NOW TO GO OUT SOME PLACE WHERE HE CAN SEE ME! AND I HOPE HE DOESN'T KEEP ME WAITIN' TOO LONG!
WALT DISNEY

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TOP: "The Blots," a pair of black characters from Walter Hoban's immortal *Jerry on the Job*. They were popular incidental characters and inspired the young Floyd Gottfredson to create the villainous Blot—called the *Phantom Blot* after his comic book incarnation—for *Mickey Mouse* strip adventures.

ABOVE: An appearance of the Blot from 1939.

sea and are rescued by an opium smuggling boat captained by Peg Leg Pete.

April 30 to July 28, 1934
"Mickey Mouse and the Bat Bandit"
Mickey and Minnie go to Uncle Mortimer's ranch which is menaced by a mysterious figure clad as a black bat. Mickey exposes "the Bat" as Don Julio, a trusted rancher and head of the cattleman's association.

July 30 to Oct. 13, 1934
"Mickey Mouse and Bobo the Elephant"
Mickey buys a box at auction which contains Bobo, a baby elephant. Eli Squinch tires to prove himself legal owner of Bobo to use him to power his sawmill; but Mickey foils his plot and returns Bobo to the circus.

Oct. 15 to Dec. 29, 1934
"Mickey Mouse and the Sacred Jewel"
A jewel called the "Sacred Star of Zwoosh" is stolen by Pete and Shyster. Mickey and Dippy (Goofy) chase them to the Oriental city of Stombol and recover the jewel.

Dec. 31, 1943 to March 2, 1935
"Mickey Mouse and Pluto the Racer"
Horace goads Mickey into entering Pluto in the Pooch Park dog races. Pluto resists and makes Mickey the laughing stock of town. But Pluto wins the final race and saves the mortgaged house of his friend Timothy Shoebuckle despite the poisoning of his dog biscuits by some crooks.

March 4 to June 1, 1935
"Mickey Mouse Runs his Own Newspaper"
Mickey acquires a failing newspaper and conducts a crusade against gangsterism. Donald Duck (as yet unnamed) first appears as a newsboy hawking papers.

June 3 to Sept. 28, 1935
"Mickey Mouse in the Race for Riches"
Mickey, Peg Leg Pete, and Eli Squinch in a race for a bag of gold nuggets buried out west.

Sept. 30, 1935 to Jan. 4, 1936
"Mickey Mouse and the Pirate Submarine"
In a newly invented "submarplane," a plane which goes under water as well as flies in the air, Mickey combats the mysterious Dr. Vultur who sinks ships from his magnetic submarine and attempts to rule the world.

Jan. 6 to March 21, 1936
"Mickey Mouse and Oscar the Ostrich"
Mickey finds a run-away ostrich named Oscar who creates so much trouble that Mickey has to win an animal race with him to pay off the damages.

March 23 to Aug. 8, 1936
"Mickey Mouse and the Foreign Legion"
Mickey joins the foreign legion to track down the plans for a new type of gun which have been stolen from the War Department. His sergeant is Peg Leg Pete, who sends him on various suicide missions and who turns out to be the thief.

Aug. 10 to Nov. 28, 1936
"Mickey Mouse and the Seven Ghosts"
Mickey runs a detective agency with Goofy and Donald. They solve the mystery of Colonel Basset's mansion which is haunted by seven ghosts, whom Mickey exposes as phosphorus-covered smugglers.

Nov. 30, 1936 to April 3, 1937
"Mickey Mouse on Sky Island"
Mickey is an airmail pilot who runs into a mysterious scientist, Dr. Einmug, who has an island laboratory in the sky. Pete tries to steal the secret of the island which is supported by atomic power.

COM ON, LEE'LE MAN! PERRE, SHE'S GON' TAN YOU TO BEEG TREES!
OKAY, I'M READY
HEY! THAT'S NO PEG LEG!
TOOL SHED
HOW COME, PETE... WHAT ABOUT THE OLD WOODEN KICKER?
AH... I HAV' REPLACE HEEM WEETH NEW MODEL STORE LEG! PERRE, SHE'S NOW STREAMLINE LAK' MODERN DESIGN, EH?
BE YOURSELF, PETE! WHY PRATTLE THAT CHINOOK ACCENT WHEN WE'RE ALONE?
OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU LAK' SEE PIERRE GET OUT OF PRACTISE AND MAK SLEEP-UP IN CAMP! NAUGHTY... NAUGHTY!
BUT G'DS, MUGG I AIN'T FALLIN' FER IT. SEE?
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TOP: From "Mickey Mouse and the Seven Ghosts"; Oct. 16, 1936.

ABOVE: The strip in which Peg Leg Pete explains the loss of his peg leg. From "Mickey Mouse and the Mystery of the Hidden River," Oct. 21, 1942.

April 5 to Aug. 7, 1937
"Mickey Mouse and the Treasure Hunt"
"Spooks" the gorilla returns when Mickey and Minnie go on an African treasure hunt.

Aug. 9, 1937, to Feb. 5, 1938
"Mickey Mouse as His Royal Highness, the Monarch of Medioka"
The monarch of Medioka, an exact duplicate of Mickey, is a spendthrift playboy who threatens the country with bankruptcy. Mickey is kidnapped and asked to impersonate the king in order to save the country but Duke Varlett plots to usurp the throne and kidnaps the real king.

Feb. 7 to July 2, 1938
"Mickey Mouse Mighty Whale Hunter"
Mickey and Goofy enlist on a whaling ship in search of the killer whale "Old Barney." Mickey fights Pete for the reward money for the capture of the whale but befriends him in the end.

July 4 to Dec. 10, 1938
"Mickey Mouse and the Plumber"
Mickey goes to work for Mr. Piper the plumber, who turns out to be a robber.

Dec. 12, 1938 to April 8, 1939
"Mickey Mouse Robinson Crusoe"
Mickey's adventures as an actor on location on a cannibal island with a native boy, Friday.

June 5 to Sept. 9, 1939
"Mickey Mouse Outwits the Blot"
Mickey's greatest adventures battling "the Blot," a mysterious figure dressed all in black who steals cameras and tries various ingenious ways to murder Mickey.

Sept. 11, 1939 to Jan. 13, 1940
"Mickey Mouse and the Magic Lamp"
Mickey finds a magic lamp with a genie in it, who grants his various wishes. But his wishes turn out to be frustrations both at home and in Genieland.

Jan. 15 to April 20, 1940
"Mickey Mouse, an Education for Thursday"
Mickey's African friend Friday sends his brother Thursday to Mickey for an education but Thursday creates havok in his civilized environment.

April 22 to Aug. 17, 1940
"Mickey Mouse and the Dude Ranch Bandit"
Peg Leg Pete in disguise terrorizes a swank western ranch and holds Clarabell for ransom.

Aug. 19 to Dec. 21, 1940
"Mickey Mouse Bellboy Detective"
Working as bellhop in a resort hotel, Mickey solves the mystery of the ghosts who are ruining the hotel's business.

Dec. 23, 1940 to April 12, 1941
"Mickey Mouse on Caveman Island"
Mickey, Goofy, and Professor Dustibones land in a lost prehistoric crater and fight dinosaurs and prehistoric men.

April 14 to July 5, 1941
"Mickey Mouse in Love Trouble"
While Mickey has been away Minnie is courted by Montmorency Rodent (pronounced "Rodawn"). Although Mickey is initially outclassed he exposes Montmorency as a fraud.

July 7 to Oct. 4, 1941
"Mickey Mouse Supersalesman"
Mickey as third assistant art director in ad agency and saves it from foreclosure.

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!
OLD PETE'S GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, LAD!
WEL-COMK HOMEK, MASTER PETE!
HOWDY, BOYS...!
9 27
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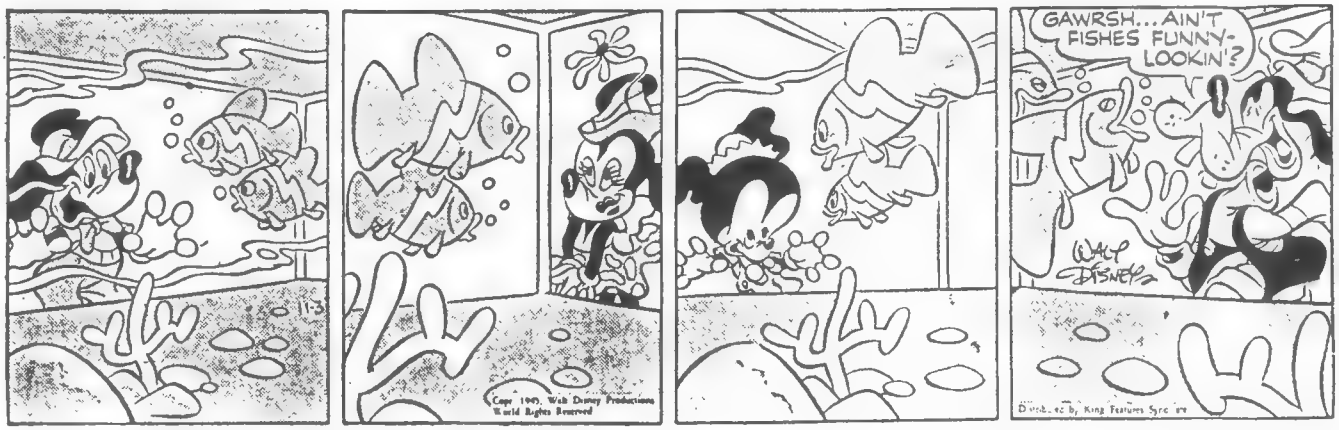
GAWRSH... AIN'T FISHES FUNNY-LOOKIN'?
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TOP: From "Mickey Mouse in the World of Tomorrow," Sept, 27, 1944.
ABOVE: In later years, *Mickey Mouse* returned to the gag-a-day format.

Oct. 6, 1941 to Jan. 17, 1942
"Mickey Mouse and the Mystery of the Hidden River"
Mickey foils lumber thieves who turn out to be Pete and Shyster. Pete appears disguised as the French Lumberjack Pierre de la Pooch and Minnie as an Indian princess. In this story Pete has lost his peg-leg for the first time and is called Black Pete.

Jan. 19 to May 2, 1942
"Mickey Mouse in the Jewel Robbery"
"The Gleam," a jewel thief who hypnotizes Minnie into being his accomplice is exposed by Mickey as Minnie's ficticious uncle Dudley Mousegomery.

May 4 to Aug. 15, 1942
"Goofy and Agnes"
Misadventures with Goofy's pet lion Agnes.

Aug. 17 to Nov. 21, 1942
"Mickey Mouse and the Black Crow Mystery"
Mickey and Goofy, helping the war effort by working as farmers, expose a saboteur who disguises himself as a black crow.

June 28 to Oct. 23, 1943
"Mickey Mouse on a Secret Mission"
Mickey as a test pilot for the "Bat," a new airplane which can navigate by itself. Mickey wrecks strategic centers in Germany and captures Nazi chiefs of staff, and foils the attempts of Peg Leg Pete to get the secret of the "Bat."

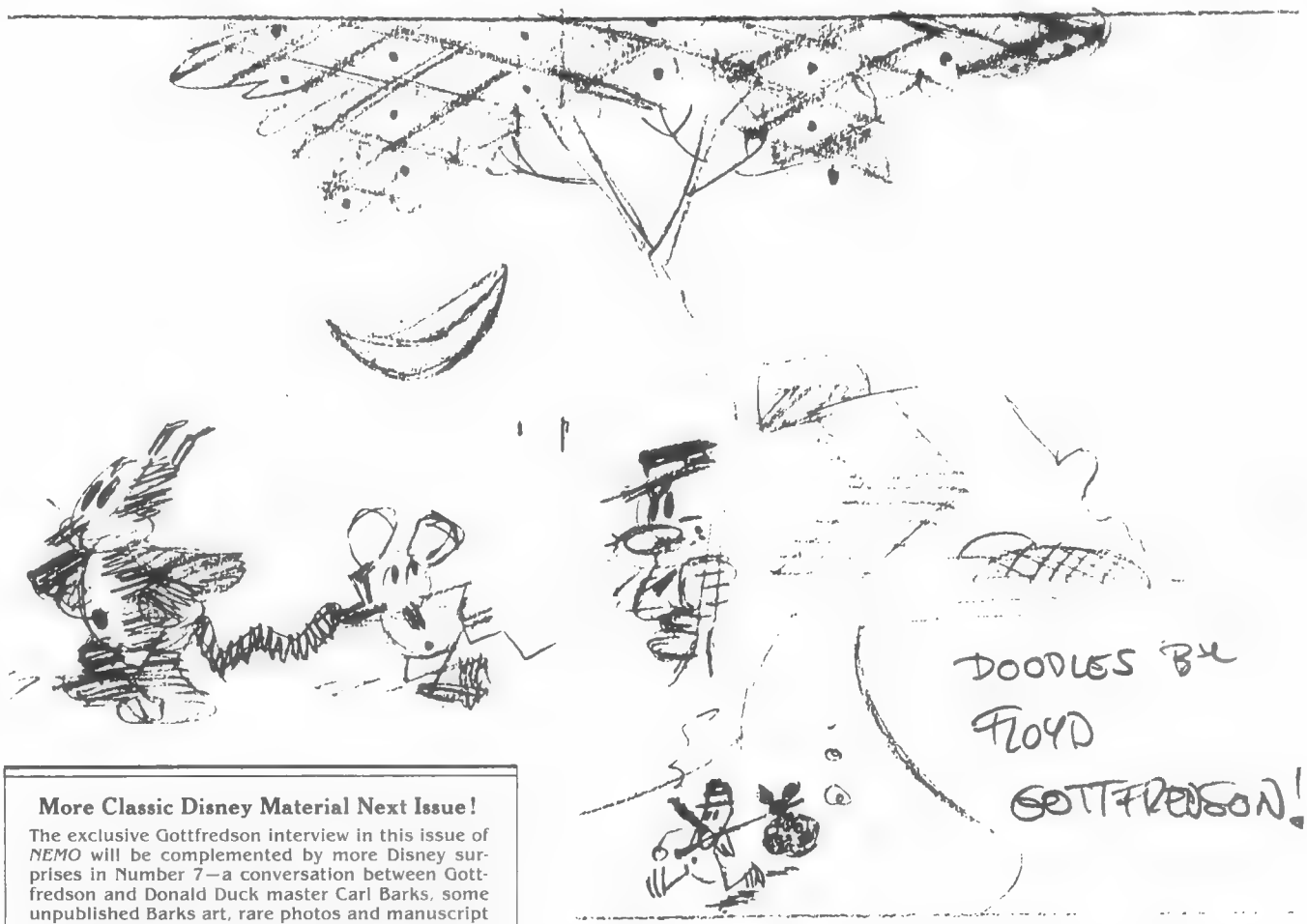
Oct. 25, 1943 to Feb. 5, 1944
"Mickey Mouse and the 'Lectro Box"
Mickey builds a toy electro box for his nephew but it turns out to have strange magical powers. Dr. Grut and his Aberzombies kidnap Mickey and try to obtain the secret of the box.

March 13 to April 15, 1944
"Mickey Mouse and the War Orphans"
Mickey shelters three little war orphans who turn out to be refugee royalty wanted by the Nazis.

April 17 to July 15, 1944
"Mickey Mouse on the Isle of Death"
Mickey and Pluto are shipwrecked on a fishing expedition and picked up by an ancient pirate ghost ship run by Captain Greatbeard, who looks like Peg Leg Pete.

July 31 to Nov. 11, 1944
"Mickey Mouse in the World of Tomorrow"
Mickey, Minnie, and Pluto are transferred to the world of tomorrow, where Peg Leg Pete rules an empire with the aid of an army of robots, the "Mekka Men."

Nov. 13, 1944 to Jan. 27, 1945
"Mickey Mouse and the House of Mystery"
Mickey's uncle Maximillian leaves him a detective agency in a haunted house where he finds Drusilla, a strange girl who has kept herself young for over eighty years.



Of mice and mice. This 1933 doodle from Gottfredson's sketchbook shows his consideration of Mickey's distant cousin Ignatz and other creations of George Herriman —Krazy Kat, Offisa Pupp, and Bum Bill Bee.

More Classic Disney Material Next Issue!

The exclusive Gottfredson interview in this issue of *NEMO* will be complemented by more Disney surprises in Number 7—a conversation between Gottfredson and Donald Duck master Carl Barks, some unpublished Barks art, rare photos and manuscript material by Barks, appreciations of Donald, Scrooge, and Carl by fellow Disney artists, and more... previews from Another Rainbow's epic new Disney volume!

March 5 to June 16, 1945
"Mickey Mouse Meets Billy the Mouse"
Mickey's Aunt Carrie sends to Mickey for help, and Mickey goes out west but is mistaken for his double, Billy the Mouse, a notorious desperado. With the help of "Yoyo" the Indian, Mickey exposes Lawyer Beamish and the black market beef rustlers.

Sept. 22, 1947 to Jan. 7, 1948
"Enter Eega Beeva"
Mickey meets Eega Beeva, a strange creature with magical powers and the ability to tell the future. Introduction of Eega's dog Pflip, "The Thnuckle-booh."

Jan. 8 to Feb. 7, 1948
"Eega Beeva" (cont'd)
Beginning a series of short continuities revolving about Eega Beeva. In the first one Mickey capitalizes on Eega's ability to see into the future and makes a fortune in stocks and bonds. This changes Mickey's personality, so Eega fakes sleeping sickness until Mickey loses all his money and becomes himself again.

Feb. 9 to Feb. 28, 1948
"Eega Beeva" (cont'd)
Background and personality development of "Pflip the Thnuckle-Booh," Eega's pet. Pflip saves dog show pets from dogcatcher.

March 1 to April 4, 1948
"Eega Beeva and the 'Santa Claus' Bandit"
"Santa Claus" bandit breaks into bank vaults at night and deposits huge sums of money, causing great consternation. Bandit turns out to be Eega Beeva, who was just trying to get rid of money because it causes trouble.

April 6 to April 26, 1948
"The Atombrella"
Eega invents the "Atombrella," a defensive device against atom bombs. The "Rhyming Man," a master spy who speaks only in verse, steals it but is defeated by Mickey and Eega.

Oct. 11 to Dec. 25, 1948
"Eega's Sanity Hearing"
Eega is jailed and tried for chronic disregard of law and order. He is given a sanity test by the psychologist, who finds the District Attorney insane instead.

Dec. 27, 1948 to March 5, 1949
"Eega, Pflip and Peg Leg Pete"
Eega falls in the hands of Peg Leg Pete who, with a drug, forces him to frame Mickey. Mickey and Eega bring Pete to justice.

WHILE LOOKING OVER THE MANSION SHE INHERITED- MINNIE DISAPPEARED !!!
IT LOOKED LIKE DAME FORTUNE SMILED ON HER - BUT INSTEAD - IT LAUGHED RIGHT OUT LOUD!!
MINNIE !!! MINNIE !!! WHERE ARE YOU??
DURN IT! - SHE'S LIKE THE MOTOR ON AN OLD FUVVER - ALWAYS MISSING!!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO SIGN THOSE PAPERS, MINNIE — THIS IS ONE TIME MICKEY WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!!!
BLUB! BLUB!
IN THE HEANTIME
SHE'S NOT IN HERE EITHER - SHYSTER'S BEHIND ALL THIS THE BIG CROOK — EVEN A WORM WILL TURN - BUT HE'S THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES!!
WHAT THE?
4-21
WALT DISNEY
AH HA!! - NOW I'VE GOT HIM BARRELLED UP!
MY GOSH!!! - WHAT'S THIS? - A PIECE OF PAPER WITH WRITING ON IT - MAYBE IT'S A CLUE LEFT HERE BY MINNIE !!!
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MANSION - IT SAYS HALF OF THE FURNITURE GOES BACK TO LOUIS XIV - AND THE OTHER HALF GOES BACK THE FIRST OF THE MONTH!!!
OUCH! MY TOE!
4-22
WALT DISNEY

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March 7 to Aug. 6, 1949
"Eega—Planet 'Be-Junior' and the 'Ain'ts'"
Eega builds a rocket ship and he and Mickey accidentally find a planet named "Be-Junior" which is peopled by faceless humans and ruled by animals called "Ain'ts."

Aug. 8 to Oct. 22, 1949
"Eega and Mickey Out West"
Mickey and Eega, on vacation, go to "Itching Gulch," a ghost town peopled by ghosts. The ghosts are old-timers who have found "Teenite," a fountain-of-youth ore which, distilled and drunk, makes them ageless and luminous.

Oct. 24, 1949 to Jan. 28, 1950
"Mr. Lamb, International Criminal"
With the help of Pflip's extra sensory perception, Mickey and Eega break up an international crime syndicate, headed by Lucius Lamb, phony philanthropist.

Jan. 30 to July 8, 1950
"The Lost Treasure of Moook"
Mickey and Eega in, search of "The Lost Treasure of Moook," follow clues through Ireland, England, France, Egypt, Turkey, and behind the Iron Curtain. Then, as captives of Commissar Peg Leg Pete, they are taken to Tibet—where they find "Moook." Moook is a genie whom our friends finally bring back to the Pentagon as a top secret weapon.

July 10 to 11, 1950
"Goodbye to Eega Beeva"
In two strips, a homesick Eega says goodbye and returns to his subterranean home.

July 12 to Oct. 2, 1950
"Gus & Jaq"
Mickey goes to Mousepotamia with Gus & Jaq, the Cinderella mice, where he helps unseat "The Iron Mask," a dictator, and helps convert the tiny kingdom to a republic.

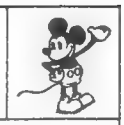
Oct. 3 to Dec. 30, 1950
"Undersea City"
Mickey, starting home from Mousepotamia in a leaky balloon, goes down at sea. He is rescued by a goofy scientist who sends him under water wearing a pressure belt. He discovers an undersea city where the customs, laws, etc., are the reverse of ours. He finally captures a pirate submarine, which he delivers to African police.

Jan. 1 to March 24, 1951
"African Tzig-Tzag Fever"
Mickey contracts African Tzig-Tzag fever and is taken by an educated gorilla to be cured by a tiny Golden Goddess on an enchanted "island" in the sky. He barely escapes with his life.

March 26 to June 23, 1951
"Hollywood"
Mickey and Goofy go to Cataclysmic Pictures in Hollywood —Goofy as a cowboy star, Mickey as a director. Goofy goes very high hat so Mickey allows his horse to steal the picture, ruining Goofy's career but bringing him back to his senses.

June 25 to Oct. 20, 1951
"Black Brian the Ghost"
Mickey and Goofy, returning from Hollywood prematurely, have to rent a house because theirs had been leased. They rent "Mayhem Manor," an old haunted mansion, where they meet "Black Brian," an old pirate ghost. Mickey is finally made an honorary ghost for favors done the real ghosts.

Oct. 22, 1951 to Jan. 22, 1952
"The Midas Ring"
For defending an intinerant Gypsy, Mickey falls heir to a "Midas" ring which causes him to become enormously wealthy. He can't get rid of the troublesome wealth until his bossy, unscrupulous secretary gets the ring away from him—to her sorrow.



April 21 to Oct. 2, 1952
"The Isle of Black Pearls"
Left over from Mickey's wealth is a deed and map to the lost isle of Black Pearls, "Moola-la." Searching for the island, Mickey is captured by Peg Leg Pete, who has a pirate submarine. The search becomes a race between Mickey and Pete through African-like jungles with strange natives, and underwater to a Mermaid Pool—with Mickey finally winning. A little comedy magician named Khandu is also involved.

Oct. 3, 1952 to March 5, 1953
"Uranium Hunt and Electronic Men"
Mickey and Goofy go on an uranium hunt and find a hidden community of electronic men. These little men manufacture more men who mine a strange radioactive ore called "Bleerium." The project is operated by a strange girl named "Hoosat" who is from another planet. She tries to take Mickey and Goofy back to her planet, but they escape in outer space only to be shot at by their own people when they try to land back on Earth.

March 6 to June 22, 1953
"The Gray Mouse"
Mickey returns home to find a double living in his house and ruining his reputation. The double is a criminal who puts Mickey in his power by hiding Pluto as a hostage. Mickey tracks him to his hideout—a toy factory, where he is disclosed to be "Micklos, World's Greatest Quick Change Artist." He has disguises that enable him to impersonate Chief of Police O'Hara, the Mayor, etc. Mickey captures him in a battle in the toy factory.

June 23 to Oct. 28, 1953
"Umbrage the Gorilla"
Mickey takes care of a gorilla for his professor uncle who goes on an expedition to Africa. The Gorilla, Umbrage, is very highly educated and becomes bored with the ordinary people he has to associate with. He falls in love with a blond lady gorilla at the zoo, rescues all the animals from a zoo fire, is given the lady gorilla as his reward and they go to Africa to live.

Feb. 2 to May 15, 1954
"Underground Kingdom of Concavia"
Wing Ding, a little man from the center of the Earth, talks Mickey into returning with him in his "Terraplane," an earth-boring machine that is powered by diamonds. Mickey is made King of Concavia because they are at war with the invisible Twitzes and don't know how to cope with them. Mickey lures the Twitz army into a field of goldenrod where they sneeze themselves helpless. The victorious Mickey is allowed to go home via the Uphill River. He emerges on top of the "Old Reliable" geyser.

May 17 to May 21, 1954
"Gags"
Five days of gags on modern furniture.

May 22 to Sept. 18, 1954
"Leavenworth Lee, Reform School Kid"
A baby left in a basket at Mickey's turns out to be a "Leavenworth Lee," an undersized escapes from "Bide-a-Wee" reform school. Mickey tries to help him but he (Lee) is kidnapped by a Benton T. Benton, who has organized a child crime syndicate. Mickey, Morty, Leavenworth Lee, and the boyscouts break up the syndicate—then find out Leavenworth is a very rich little boy who had been kidnapped by Benton when he was a baby. Little Leavenworth is reunited with his wealthy mother.

Sept. 19, 1954 to Jan. 1, 1955
"Uncle Gudger"
Mickey's Uncle Gudger, a wild old veteran of indeterminate age, and his two tough old pets, a goat and an eagle, come to visit Mickey. After nearly wrecking the town they leave because they feel they're not wanted. Worried about them, Mickey finds them in the "Lonesome League" social club, entertaining and washing dishes. Mickey organizes the lonesome misfit members of the club, gives them a half acre of land and, in a big community effort, helps them to build the "Uncle Gudger Country Club." The club becomes self-supporting and although "Uncle" Gudger turns out to be an impostor, Mickey allows him and his friends to stay in peace.

Jan. 3 to May 20, 1955
"Dr. 'X' Goofy"
Because of a head injury, Goofy becomes a scientific genius known as "Dr. X." Working on a secret project for the government he develops a midget cow which gives "Happy Milk." This milk makes all animals and humans peace-loving and kind. Mickey, Goofy, and the cow are kidnapped by thugs working for Rimrock, multi-millionaire owner of "Happy Farms," who wants to add the cow to his miniature zoo. Mickey and Goofy escape by setting fire to the farm. They save the miniature zoo, of course.

May 21 to June 24, 1955
"Pluto and the Pekinese"
Pluto finds a sick little white Pekinese and nurses her back to health. Then he falls in love with her. She turns out to be so tough she whips all the dogs and cats in the neighborhood and generally causes trouble. Mickey is grateful to finally find the owner, Mademoiselle Clou-Clou, of the Bon-Bon Bonnet Shoppe.

June 25 to Aug. 29, 1955
"Lil Davy"
Introduction, development and general gags with Lil Davy (Crockett).

Aug. 30 to Oct. 4, 1955
"Lil Davy and Jiminy Crockett"
Jiminy Crockett comes on scene—general gags.

Oct. 5, 1955
"General Gags and Fade-out of Lil Davy"
Gag a day now, with Lil Davy appearing less and less. *Final appearance of Lil Davy, June 18, 1956.*

June 19, 1956
Miscellaneous gags.

June 19, 1969
Miscellaneous gags continuing—Glory-Bee, Goofy's girl friend, makes her first appearance.

Writers, Artists, Inkers

The *Mickey Mouse* Daily Strip Personnel: 1930-Present

Jan. 13, 1930 to Feb. 8, 1930
Written by Walt Disney
Pencilled by Ub Iwerks and inked by Win Smith

February 10, 1930 to May 3, 1930
Written by Walt Disney
Pencilled and inked by Win Smith

MICKEY MOUSE, I CONGRATULATE YOU! YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM DOING A GRAVE INJUSTICE — THEREFORE, I HEREBY REVERSE THE JURY'S DECISION — HORACE HORSECOLLAR IS NOT GUILTY!
BONK!
WHOOPEE! I'M FREE!
BONK!
GOSH, HORACE, I HOPE YOU DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST US JUST 'CAUSE WE WAS GONNA LYNCH YOU!
NO -- THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FELLERS — BOYS WILL BE BOYS, AND VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD!
CONGRATULATIONS, HORACE! WE KNEW YOU WAS INNOCENT ALL TH' TIME!
YEAH -- I COULD TELL THAT BY YOUR VERDICT!
CLICK!
JURY
I'M FROM THE DAILY BUGLE — I'D LIKE TO GET YOUR LIFE STORY, WITH PICTURES!
WILL YOU SIGN THIS AUTOGRAPH BOOK, PLEASE?
WE'LL PAY YOU BIG MONEY FOR A TESTIMONIAL!!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ON VAUDEVILLE FOR TEN WEEKS?
THE GREAT ORPHANAGE ROBBERY AND THE SENSATIONAL HORSECOLLAR TRIAL ARE NOW ENDED!!
THIS IS FUNNY! FOR TH' FIRST TIME IN HISTORY WE FAILT' GET OUR MAN — AN' THEN WE FIND HE WAS INNOCENT, ANYWAY!
LOOK, MICKEY! ALL OVER THE WHOLE FRONT PAGE! YOUR PICTURE, AND EVERYTHING!
THOUSANDS OF LETTERS & TELEGRAMS FLOOD MICKEY'S HOUSE, CONGRATULATING AND PRAISING HIM
MICKEY HOUSE
THE ROMANCE BETWEEN HORACE HORSECOLLAR & CLARABELLE COW CAN NOW GO ON UNHAMPERED BY THE PRISON BARS THAT SEPARATED THEM.
THE MOUNTED POLICE HAVE TAKEN DOWN THE POSTERS OFFERING A REWARD FOR MICKEY'S CAPTURE
MICKEY MOUSE SOLVES A CRIME
PETE & SHYSTER HAVE FINALLY BEEN PUT WHERE THEY BELONG
BUT -- ONE OF THESE LETTERS CONTAINS STRANGE NEWS -- THAT WILL LEAD MICKEY INTO [illegible] ADVENTURE IN AN UNKNOWN LAND! DON'T MISS IT!
WALT DISNEY

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May 5, 1930 through May 17, 1930
Written by Walt Disney
Pencilled and inked by Floyd Gottfredson

May 19, 1930 to Late 1932
Written by Floyd Gottfredson *(All continuities from this date to June 1943 plotted by Floyd Gottfredson)*
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson, inked by Hardie Gramatky, Earl Duvall, Ted Thwaites, and Al Taliaferro

Late 1932 to Early 1933
Written by Webb Smith
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Early 1933 to Late 1933
Written by Ted Osborne
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Late 1933 to Mid-1934
Written by Merrill de Maris
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Mid-1934 to Mid-1937
Written by Ted Osborne
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

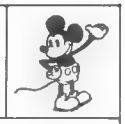
Mid-1937 to Early 1942
Written by Merrill de Maris
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites and Bill Wright

Early 1942 to June 1943
Written by Dick Shaw
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Dick Moores

June 1943 to February 10, 1962
Written by Bill Walsh
Pencilled and inked by Floyd Gottfredson

March 1, 1962 to Dec. 28, 1968
Written by Bill Walsh
Pencilled and inked by Floyd Gottfredson

Dec. 30, 1968 to Date
Written by Del Connell
Pencilled and inked by Floyd Gottfredson, excluding releases for December 16, 1974 through March 29, 1975, which were *pencilled only* by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Larry Mayer.
With the retirement of Floyd Gottfredson on September 30, 1975 (ending with releases for November 10-15, 1975), Roman Arambula was assigned complete artwork, starting with releases for November 17-22, 1975 to date.



A Mickey Checklist

Mickey Mouse Sunday Page Chronology: Continuities (1932-1938)

Continuity was not a regular feature of the *Mickey Mouse* Sunday pages as it was in the daily strip. Consequently, the *Mickey* Sunday page adventures were more sporadic than those in the *Mickey* daily strip.

July 31 to Aug. 28, 1932
"Pluto the Pup"
Pluto is hunted by Peg Leg Pete, the dog catcher.

Jan. 29 to June 18, 1933
"Mickey Mouse and the Terrible Bandit Wolf Barker"
Mickey, Minnie and the gang are invited out west by Minnie's Uncle Mortimer where they became involved with a gang of cattle rustlers led by Wolf Barker.

March 11 to April 29, 1934
"Mickey Mouse in Giantland"
Mickey defeats the horrible giant Rumplewatt who has stolen the goose that lays golden eggs from the dwarves who live in the forest. A butterfly princess aids Mickey and afterwards turns into Princess Minnie.

May 6 to June 3, 1934
"Mickey Mouse and His Horse Tanglefoot"
Mickey tries to turn Tanglefoot into a delivery horse and has many mishaps. With Tanglefoot Mickey captures Reds who attempt to kill a millionaire with a time bomb.

June 17 to Sept. 9, 1934
Mickey, Minnie, Horace, and Clarabell take a camping trip.

Dec. 9, 1934 to Jan. 20, 1935
Mickey, Minnie, Goofy, and the gang attempt to climb Mt. Fishflake and win a $1,000 prize.

Feb. 10 to March 24, 1935
Donald Duck is introduced on Feb. 10. Donald's friend "Uncle" Amos is mysteriously robbed. Afterwards he becomes a kleptomaniac who steals from his own clothing store until Mickey and Donald cure him.

July 28 to Nov. 24, 1935
"Mickey Mouse and the Kangaroo"
Mickey's kangaroo wins a boxing match from Peg Leg Pete's gorilla. Pete attempts to steal the receipts but is caught by Mickey and the kangaroo.

Jan. 5 to Jan. 26, 1936
"Mickey Mouse and the Boyfriend"
Minnie has a new boyfriend, Mortimer, who plays practical jokes on Mickey until Mickey turns the tables on him.

April 26 to Oct. 4, 1936
"Mickey Mouse's Adventures with Robin Hood"
Mickey takes some reducing fluid and enters the world of Robin Hood (through an open book) where he is captured by the Sheriff of Nottinham's men and rescued by Robin Hood. Mickey meets Maid Minerva, an ancestor of Minnie, and is chased out of the book when he refuses to marry her.

May 16 to Oct. 24, 1937
"Mickey Mouse and the Sheriff of Nugget Gulch"
Mickey and Goofy visit Uncle Mortimer out west and mistakenly get a reputation as desperadoes. Mickey captures the real gunman, Pancho Malarky.

March 6 to March 13, 1938
"Mickey Mouse, Service with a Smile"
Mickey takes over his Uncle Jasper's service station with the aid of Goofy, with the usual mishaps.

Aug. 28 to Nov. 20, 1938
"Mickey Mouse as the Brave Little Tailor"
(From the movie of the same title) Mickey is a little tailor who defeats the giant and gains the hand of the Princess Minnie in marriage.

Writers, Artists, Inkers

Mickey Mouse Sunday Color Page Personnel (1932-Present)

January 10, 1932 (first release only)
Written by Earl Duvall
Pencilled and inked by Earl Duvall

January 17, 1932 to Late 1932
Written by Floyd Gottfredson
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson, inked by by Al Taliaferro and Ted Thwaites

Late 1932 to Early 1933
Written by Webb Smith
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Early 1933 to Late 1933
Written By Ted Osborne
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Late 1933 to Mid-1934
Written by Merrill de Maris
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Mid-1934 to Mid-1937
Written by Ted Osborne
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Mid-1937 to Mid-1938
Written by Merrill de Maris
Pencilled by Floyd Gottfredson and inked by Ted Thwaites

Mid-1938 to Early 1942
Written by Merrill de Maris
Pencilled by Manuel Gonzales, inked by Ted Thwaites and Bill Wright.

Early 1942 to Mid-1942
Written by Hubie Karp
Pencilled by Manuel Gonzales and inked by Bill Wright.

Mid-1942 to Oct. 1944
Written by Hubie Karp
Pencilled and inked by Bill Wright

Oct. 1944 to Early 1946
Written by Bill Walsh
Pencilled and inked by Bill Wright

Early 1946 to March 9, 1963
Written by Bill Walsh
Pencilled and inked by Manuel Gonzales

March 11, 1963 to November 22, 1968
Written by Roy Williams
Pencilled and inked by Manuel Gonzales

November 25, 1968 to date
Written by Del Connell
Pencilled and inked by Manuel Gonzales

Before the Dawn of Perelmankind

Forgotten Cartoons of a Master Humorist

by Richard Marschall

Above: S.J. Perelman, 1928.

Long before the *New Yorker* days, before his script work with the Marx Brothers, and earlier than even most avid fans are aware, S.J. Perelman was an established American humorist. He was widely published, his work was mature, and it was funny. Further, as a staff member of the nation's leading humor magazine, Perelman was a double attraction: He was also a popular cartoonist!

This period of Perelman's career, long neglected and forgotten—unjustifiably, as you will discover—is rich in output as well as quality. What follows is not the last, or the next-to-last, but the First Laugh of S.J. Perelman. These cartoons are collected here for the first time since their original publication more than half a century ago (1925-1931).

Perelman fans will find that his style constantly underwent a certain natural evolution, but the hallmarks of his best-known work—anarchic humor, unceasing word play, frenetic flights of free association transmitted in literate calmness—were present from the start, almost by instinct in his cartoons. And concerning the elements of his style, it was natural that he seized upon the horsehair-sofa locutions of Victorian prose and the insipid glossiness of magazine advertising; Perelman grew up reading such stuff. The remoteness of these forms in the 1980s—though hardly remote enough!—does not detract from the freshness or even relevance of Perelman's reliance on them. His style and his attitude transcended such inspirations. In his cartoons he called upon sappy, sentimental song lyrics of a generation previous to his, just as readily as he did with clippings from last week's newspaper—for topics and tone both.

Nevertheless it was the Twenties into which Perelman burst, practically full-grown, as a humorist, and it was a remarkable period of American humor indeed. "College Humor" was a field from which Perelman graduated in 1925 (concurrent with, and in retrospect more useful than, his actual matriculation at Brown University); he edited the campus humor magazine *Brown Jug*. College humor was a good deal more celebrated in the Jazz Age than today. Every college of mean size had its own thriving humor magazine, often with respectable sales to the general public; there were exchanges and reprints of the material in various journals; and indeed a major national monthly, *College Humor*, subsisted largely on gatherings from these publications.

Among Perelman's generation were such rising stars as Robert Benchley, Robert E. Sherwood, and Gluyas Williams from the *Harvard Lampoon;* Theodor Geisel (Dr. Seuss) from the Dartmouth *Jack-o-Lantern;* Curtis Arnoux Peters (Peter Arno) from the Yale *Record;* Bennett Cerf and Corey Ford from the Columbia *Jester*, and so forth (also at Brown, by the way, were Quentin Reynolds and Perelman's future brother-in-law Nathaniel West). This new crop of humorists had a symbiotic relationship with their times: The Twenties was a wonderful incubator for their iconoclasm and, of course, these men were soon to record the flavor of a Decade and help define the perceptions of a generation. They did not dwell on the famed stereotypes of the Roaring Twenties—many of their fellows who were so focused are forgotten today—and to the extent that speakeasies, bathtub gin, rum-running, sheiks, and shebas were addressed, it was usually in derogation. It should be remembered that John Held, Jr., and Sinclair Lewis, for instance, essentially despised the spirit of their times.

So it was that the humorists used the new freedoms of the postwar decade to castigate the manifestations of those freedoms. That the writers often lived the lifestyles they lampooned only added to the inside nature of their criticism—and pervading moods of satire, sarcasm, and cynicism. Perelman was not to be alone among writers who deplored Hollywood and yet labored there. Of the Twenties, however, it cannot be said from the evidence of these cartoons that Perelman despised too many things all that much. On the other hand, almost anything he encountered was ridiculed, trivialized, exposed, and parodied—his innate playfulness either keeping his critical outrage in check or keeping him sane. We cannot exactly tell—we never could in his later writings—but we can assume that it was by design.

Perelman's first major national "sale" was to *Judge* magazine, which each week highlighted gleanings from college humor publications. The magazine's motives may have been more mercenary than literary—its budget was notoriously tight and such reprints were without fee. But through the early '20s Perelman's cartoons were reprinted

I HAVE BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND HE HAS MINE, SOBBED THE PANTING PALOOKA

Pull in your beak, Durante, or some housewife'll be stealing it to stamp cookies with. "Does this parrot swear, my good man?" prattled a female poison in a pet-shop. "A little bit, mum," parried Mr. Pickerboom, "but he never shoots crap or goes out with chippies!" Just shot through and through with quiet wit, and you're probably hoping the same for the author.

Cartoons from the collection of Richard Marschall

HEY, NONE OF YOUR BACK-TALC! CURSED THE CRUSTY CUSTOMER

Would you advise me to wear twenty-inch bottoms this fall? I can't decide whether to go collegiate or cake. MISCHIEVOUS YOUNGSTER ROUTINE 12,242—*Look, look, Daddy, an airplane!* ABSENT-MINDED SIRE, ISSUE 34,789—*Yes, darling, don't touch it! A twinkle gleamed in the man Perelman's twinkler as he slipped into one of his more conservative negligees and absinthe-mindedly reached for a liqueur bon-bon.*

with increasing frequency, reaching an ever-larger number of readers.

The one reader who counted most was *Judge*'s own editor, Norman Anthony; and as he was the discoverer of S.J. Perelman it is worthwhile to tarry a moment with him and with *Judge* itself. Anthony was a ferociously mediocre cartoonist who was lucky to find his *metier* as an editor, becoming Associate Editor of *Judge* in 1923 and full Editor the following year. The magazine had been founded in 1881 as a political and humorous weekly, and for years had actually been subsidized by the Republican Party. It copied the successful *Puck* magazine in format and appearance, and was itself followed in the field by the original *Life* magazine, which was from its inception rather more genteel and less political.

By the time Anthony was given full reign at the respected but marginally solvent institution (it had largely dropped politics a decade before in fear of offending potential readers) he transformed it into a raucous, irreverent, lively journal. He sought out new artists and writers, crusaded against Prohibition, adopted a breezy design for the magazine, and never hesitated to stoop to puns and slapstick. More traditional fare was supplied by George Jean Nathan and Pare Lorentz, theater and film critics respectively.

Anthony, incidentally, was eventually lured away by the dignified *Life*—where he proved too freewheeling for the owners' expectations—and later founded the classic humorous monthly *Ballyhoo*. One of his earlier assistants went in opposite directions: For a while in 1924 Harold Ross was a junior editor at *Judge*, presumably learning, studying, and chafing to edit his own humorous weekly.

One of the prize plums of Anthony's unceasing talent hunts, Perelman found himself a regular contributor of new material to *Judge* after his graduation, and was soon offered a contract to draw two cartoons and write one text piece a week.

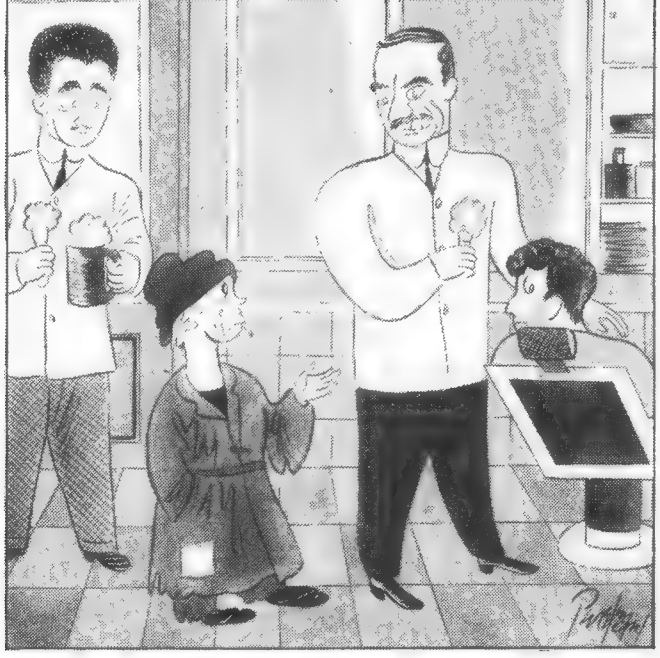
Perelman's cartoons ought to be considered well by Perelmaniacs, not only for their intrinsic merit but as they relate to his text work; for allusions, similes and metaphors—with which Perelman's work then and later constantly abounded—serve graphic functions. Also, many of the cartoons served as illustrated cliches and thereby come to us as a rather revealing dimension of his singular, stylistic point of view. They are not mere gag cartoons.

He was, moreover, a good cartoonist: He became in short order one of the premier artists on the staff of the largest-circulation humor magazine in America. Perelman once admitted that his chief interest in boyhood years was always to be a cartoonist, and he remembered drawing cartoons in his father's dry-goods store, on the long cardboard strips around which bolts of fabric were wrapped. Cartooning was his first professional inclination and how he made his first mark on American letters.

His cartoon style, and the conventions of his concepts, were set early; also, he saw no need to alter the stride he had set in college. It was, after all, what had attracted his modest acclaim. The artwork was delineated in what may be termed a bastard-woodcut look. Although most of the cartoons were pen-and-inks drawn to parody old woodcuts, many actually *were* block prints touched with pen and ink and Chinese white. Perelman was by this evidence a talented artist—not a dilettante—and an ambitious craftsman.

Every drawing would (1) invariably parody some moldy Victorian sentiment or fusty scene from sources like Currier and Ives prints or *Godey's Lady's Book* or corny political broadsides. Then (2) beneath the drawing appeared a legend, fully as dusty and cliched as the artwork—sometimes, however, totally irrelevant to the cartoon, and, as the years passed, more laden with puns and Perelmanesque turns of phrase. A full caption (3), actually a one-paragraph monologue never having any direct connection with the scene immediately to its north, would consist of a rickety chestnut of a joke, with slang and sarcasm grafted on.The whole cartoon would be capped off by (4) a chatty send-off line, more often than not of a self-deprecatory nature.

Toward the end of the decade, as Perelman's prose pieces took on a more absurdist flavor, his cartoons became more abstract. He abandoned the woodcut style and drew in severe



G'WAN, YOURE JUST A PERMANENT WAIF, BERATED THE BOSS BARBER

Like to compound a felony? Here's a nice one, compounded of two parts felony, one part of simony, a pinch of pussy-willow, and a kiss in the dark. BURGLAR: *"Is the master of the house in?"* SLAVEY: *"Naw, he's out."* BURGLAR: *"Have you paid your dog license?"* SLAVEY: *"We ain't got not dawg."* BURGLAR: *"O.K.; I'm here to tune the piano." Slice up that lemon moron pie, Martha; we're having the Babbitts in to chow this P.M.*

MUMSEY TELL ME ABOUT WEIRD LOVE BEGGED HARRY

A cow named Ruby Rathbone and her calf, a gent named Harvey, were standing in the middle of a field boasting about themselves. "Listen, sweetheart," said the cow, "I may not be much good, but I furnish the milk for mankind!" "What of it?" retorted Harvey, nibbling on a fresh clump of grass. "I furnish the brains!" This sounds like the old badger game.

I'M DOING PENNANTS FOR MY SHINS, BOYS, SNUFFLED THE REPENNANT SENIOR

The next flash turn will be Marcus Tullius Cicero boop-a-dooping his latest torch number, "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Catiline?" "What do you think of the Amazon, Captain Bemis?" sifted one of the pad-and-pencil boys. "I was a fool ever to have married her!" gibbered the explorer. And for the deuce spot Rafael Sabatini and Captain Blood will wow you with "Singing in the Vein."

THESE ARE GENUINE LOUIS QUINZE LOUIE CANS, VOUCHED SIR JOSEPH SPITTOON

Here you are, mouth breathers; a handy little appliance that will close that yawning kisser of yours forever. "What'll we do tonight, sweetie, stay at home?" asked "Good Old George" Gurry. "No, I've got a frightful cough, let's go to the theatre!" twittered Theresa the Topaz of Twenty-third Street. For sale cheap, a lady who has been sawed in half and can't be put together.

"HEY, TAKE THE SHINE OFF MY BLUE SERGE PANTS!" EXPLODED THE INCENSED CUSTOMER

Don't mind that horticulturist yelling, dear; full many a florist is born to bluster unseen. "They tell me the building inspector condemned that mausoleum," remarked the senior member of Sacklaw and Asher, Modernistic Morticians. "How come, [illegible]?" grilled Asher. "Aw, there were no fire-escapes on it!" snickered Sacklaw. And if that car doesn't develop fifty horsepower, I'll return your Stuts fee.

THIS IS MY PARLOR, BEDLAM, AND BATH, BOASTED EDWIN THE BREADWINNER

Let's not mention that Irishman in Norfolk who composed "Curry Me Back in Ole Verginny." "Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my zoup!" jittered Routine 77, Patter 14. "Excuse me if I don't reply, sir." blushed the boniface. "The college mags have been doing that sort of thing to death!" Tomorrow night Messalina and Heliogabalus, the Roman Riots, in their specialty tumbling act.

geometrical shapes. Soon there were no free-hand lines in the cartoons, everything being drawn with templates and straight-edges. He repeated images within a drawing for no apparent purpose, and employed unpredictable shading devices (one character's vest was patterned with a photographic detail of tenement windows—without the vaguest connection with the subject of the drawing or even its reliably unrelated caption).

It was the *Judge* work that attracted the Marx Brothers to Perelman. Groucho appears in cartoons and in text references, and he reciprocated by writing a blurb for Perelman's first book *Dawn Ginsburgh's Revenge*, a collection of *Judge* essays published by Liveright in 1929: "From the moment I picked up your book until I put it down, I was convulsed with laughter. Some day I intend reading it."

Given the predilections and poses of Perelman's persona and the Brothers Marx, not to mention their inevitable acquaintance (the Broadway hit "Animal Crackers" was running when Perelman's star rose), collaboration seems to have been inevitable. Perelman has recorded the gruelling association of doing screenplays for the Brothers in Hollywood, the trauma of that town's lifestyle, the boorishness of the movie community, but one pauses to suspect a bit of literary, if not historical, license in his reminiscences of those days. He did, after all, work on *two* movies for the Marx Brothers, *Monkey Business* and *Horse Feathers*, as well as nine other screenplays (he also wrote eight plays and several television scripts). The personalities of S.J. Perelman and the Marx Brothers may not have melded, but their styles did: anarchic humor loosely garbed in playful irreverence.

Perelman once told me that he had come to consider the beginning of his career about the time that he first sold to *The New Yorker* (1934). Perhaps this can be traced to the real conflicts that did accompany the Marx Brothers association, and that on *Judge* he was considered (and originally considered himself) primarily a cartoonist, not an essayist. His role, and his self-estimation, changed when he laid down the cartoonist's pen.

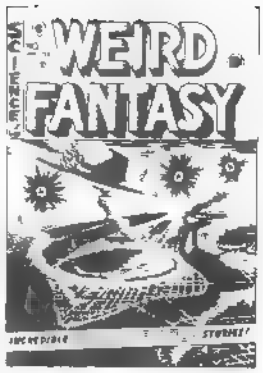
These factors lend added distance to the cartoons, and the period itself is remote to those who have not lived through it. As always, Perelman in his cartoons made frequent reference to contemporary personalities and events. He parodied gaudy headlines in the sensationalist *N.Y. Graphic* ("Moll Slays LOVER in Love Nest TRYST"); fellow young cartoonists (Ernie Bushmiller, whose name must have tickled Perelman, was later famed as the artist of the *Nancy* comic strip); Broadway luminaries (Durante and Groucho); politicians (Mayor Jimmy Walker, quintessential Jazz Age personality); and even Perelman's wife-to-be, Laura West.

These cartoons are excerpted from the forthcoming collection *That Old Gang O' Mine: The Early and Essential S.J. Perelman*, edited by Richard Marschall and to be published by William Morrow and Company in May, 1984.

WEIRD SCIENCE

The complete 22-issue run of **WEIRD SCIENCE** features the artwork of Wally Wood, Joe Orlando, Al Williamson (some with Frazetta), editor scripter Al Feldstein. Some of the stories are EC adaptations of work by Ray Bradbury. When **WEIRD SCIENCE** was cancelled, EC continued publishing science fiction in the comic **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** (later titled **INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION**).

Four volumes in slipcase, ppd. $75



WEIRD FANTASY

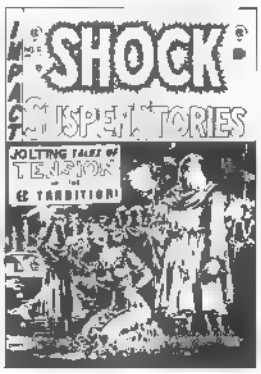
Companion set to the **COMPLETE WEIRD SCIENCE**, this Feldstein-edited title also ran 22 issues and features the same line-up of artists (and adds Severin and Elder) and Bradbury adaptations. It was also discontinued by EC and once again the thread was picked up in the title **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY**.

Four volumes in slipcase, ppd. $75

WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY

EC's final sf title, it featured work by the cream of EC's artists of the fantastic, including Wally Wood, Al Williamson, Joe Orlando, and adding Bernie Krigstein and Jack Davis. It's first issue was numbered 23, which continues the numbering from the two cancelled comics **WEIRD SCIENCE** and **WEIRD FANTASY** (both of which expired with #22). This comic was renamed **INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION** with #30. The final issue was #33, ending an eleven issue run.

Two volumes in slipcase, ppd. $45



SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

These eighteen comics contain stories which range from the twist-ending short story to *film noir*-like thrillers to socially relevant pieces which are, in the words of critic Bhob Stewart, a "head-on collision with the real issues of American life." Among the artists represented here are Wally Wood, Joe Orlando, Jack Davis, George Evans and Reed Crandall.

Three volumes in slipcase, ppd. $60

CRYPT

One of three horror titles published by EC (another one, **VAULT OF HORROR**, is now available in this series; see below. The third, **HAUNT OF FEAR**, is yet to be published), this Feldstein-edited comic featured artwork by many EC favorites including Feldstein, Jack Davis, "Ghastly" Graham Ingels, Johnny Craig and (in later issues) Bernie Krigstein. Originally titled **CRYPT OF TERROR**, it was renamed **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, and ran 30 issues.

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THE VAULT OF HORROR

Another in the trio of EC's horror titles, the 29-issue run of **VAULT** was edited by Johnny Craig, who not only did practically every "Vault Keeper" story but *all* the covers! Once again, EC's staple horror artists appear here, including Al Feldstein, Jack Davis, Graham Ingels and eventually Bernie Krigstein.

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TWO-FISTED

EC's longest-running war book, this Kurtzman-edited comic features work by him and other action-oriented EC artists, Jack Davis, John Severin (or the Severin-Bill Elder team), Wally Wood, and an occasional piece by non-regulars such as Alex Toth and Joe Kubert. Issues 37, 38 and 39 were exclusively John Severin efforts, and sprinkled throughout are Kurtzman's special Civil War stories, like all his EC war work historical accuracy is a hallmark.

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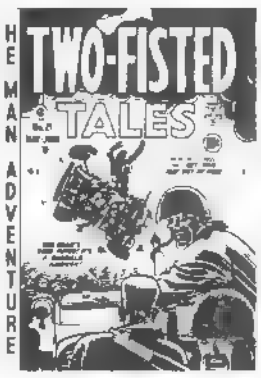

FRONTLINE

A companion to **TWO-FISTED TALES**, **FRONTLINE** was also edited by Harvey Kurtzman and features much the same artist lineup. More of the EC Civil War stories appear here, as well. Again, attention to authentic detail and historical accuracy is evident throughout.

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fantasy in the comics

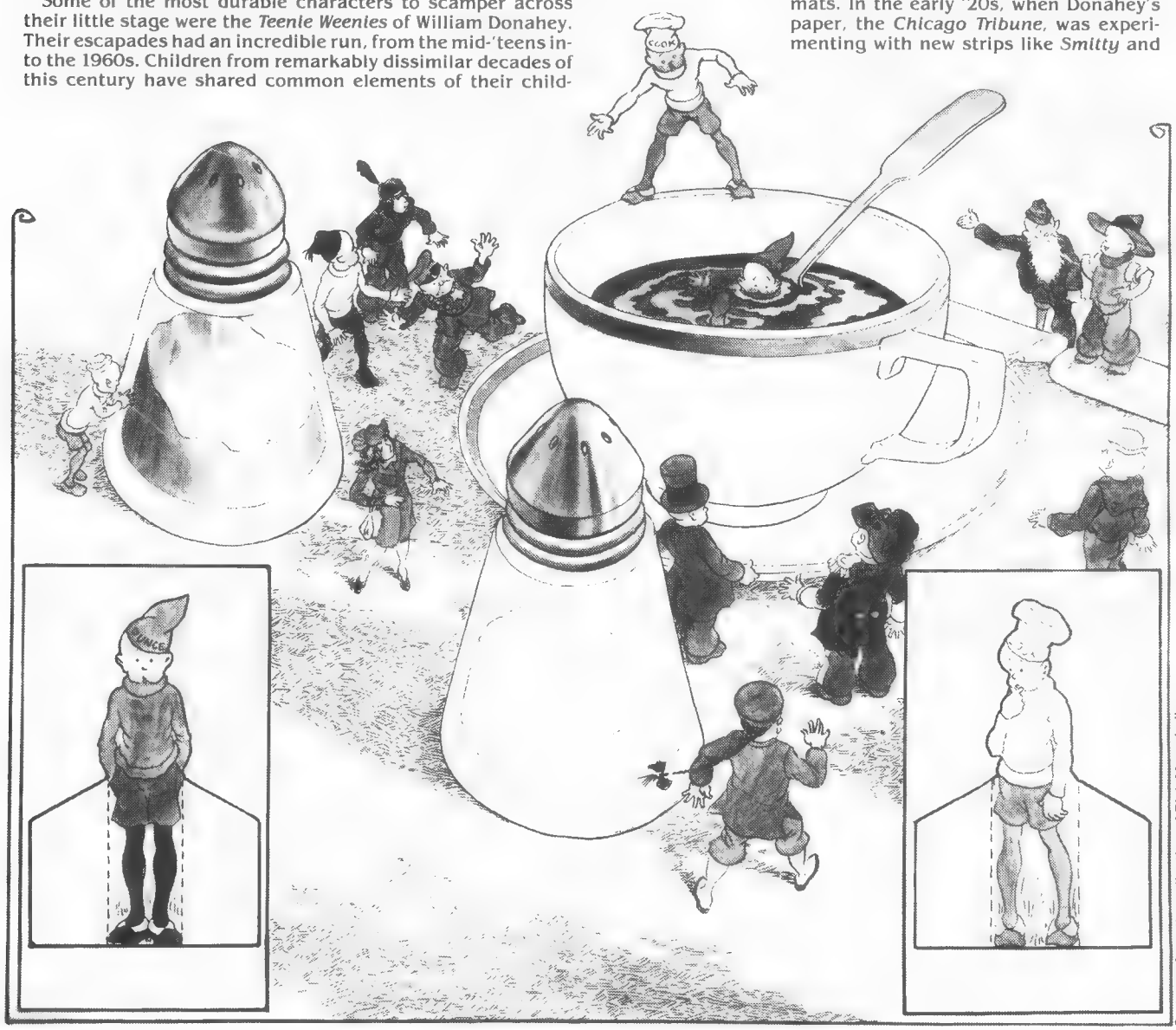
THE TEENIE WEENIES.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

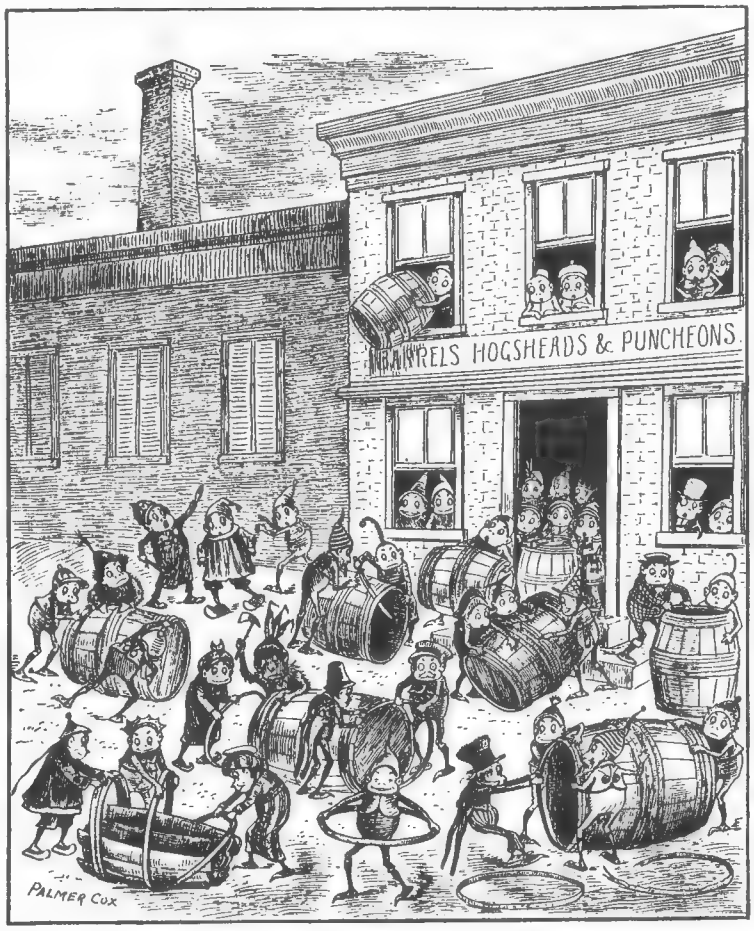
Little people have always had a big place in folklore, literature, song, and graphic humor traditions. In comics and cartoons, the family tree—or twig, to keep things in perspective—can be traced from Palmer Cox's *Brownies* through Rose O'Neill's *Kewpies* and Stanley Link's *Tiny Tim* down to Marvel Comics' *Weirdworld* and Wendy Pini's *Elfquest* of today. And, of course, obviously enough, there was Walt Scott's charming *Little People* strip for NEA that ran for years.

Some of the most durable characters to scamper across their little stage were the *Teenie Weenies* of William Donahey. Their escapades had an incredible run, from the mid-'teens into the 1960s. Children from remarkably dissimilar decades of this century have shared common elements of their childhoods—growing up with weekly installments of Donahey's special little world.

His cast of characters was set almost from the very beginning, as was the format: A large panel swarming with the Teenie Weenies engaged in a project or meeting a crisis, below which a short story set in type related the details. Through the years, however, the newspaper feature briefly transformed itself into various formats. In the early '20s, when Donahey's paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, was experimenting with new strips like *Smitty* and



Cartoons from the collection of Rick Marschall



From the collection of Rick Marschall

A Little Bit Earlier . . .

The Teenie Weenies were the children of the classic Palmer Cox creation *The Brownies*. They were also little folk (not elves or gnomes or even dwarves) and had costumed identities. Likewise also they appeared usually in large, detailed genre-type scenes, although Cox complemented his scenes with verse; Donahey's tales were related in prose. Further, as the *Teenie Weenies* was occasionally transformed into a strip, so had been the *Brownies*; in the first decade of the century Cox drew a weekly full-color comic strip of the *Brownies*—a handsome production—that appeared in major papers around America. A future installment in this series will focus on Cox's strip work. —R.M.

Moon Mullins, the text-and-art mode gave way to panels-and-balloons. This was a short-lived experiment (it was replaced by some other trial strips, including *Little Orphan Annie*) and was soon succeeded in the Sunday supplements by a family strip by Donahey. Although the page featured normal-sized people in normal situations, it seems the artist's preoccupations never strayed far: The family's name, and the name of the strip, was *The Pixies*!

Once again, in 1933, another strip-format *Teenie Weenies* page was offered, this time in a package of seven strips that Captain Patterson of the Tribune-News Syndicate introduced simultaneously (the others: *On the Wing*, soon to be called *Smilin' Jack*, by Zack Mosley; *A Strain on the Family Tie* by Gaar Williams; *Sweeney and Son* by Al Posen; *Streaky* by Gus Edson; *White Boy* by Garrett Price; and *Little Joe* by Ed Leffingwell). It lasted but a year and when it returned once more to the large-panel format, a strip named *Terry and the Pirates* was there to plug its hole.

Such a history suggests more that *The Teenie Weenies* was a popular, durable, adaptable feature rather than it might have had trouble finding its true identity. For the feature was also popular as a gorgeous, full painted-color page for a time in the rotogravure magazine of the *Trib*, and a long series of very successful, fully illustrated story books were in print for years. In all its forms *The Teenie Weenies* is truly a classic of American juvenile fiction.

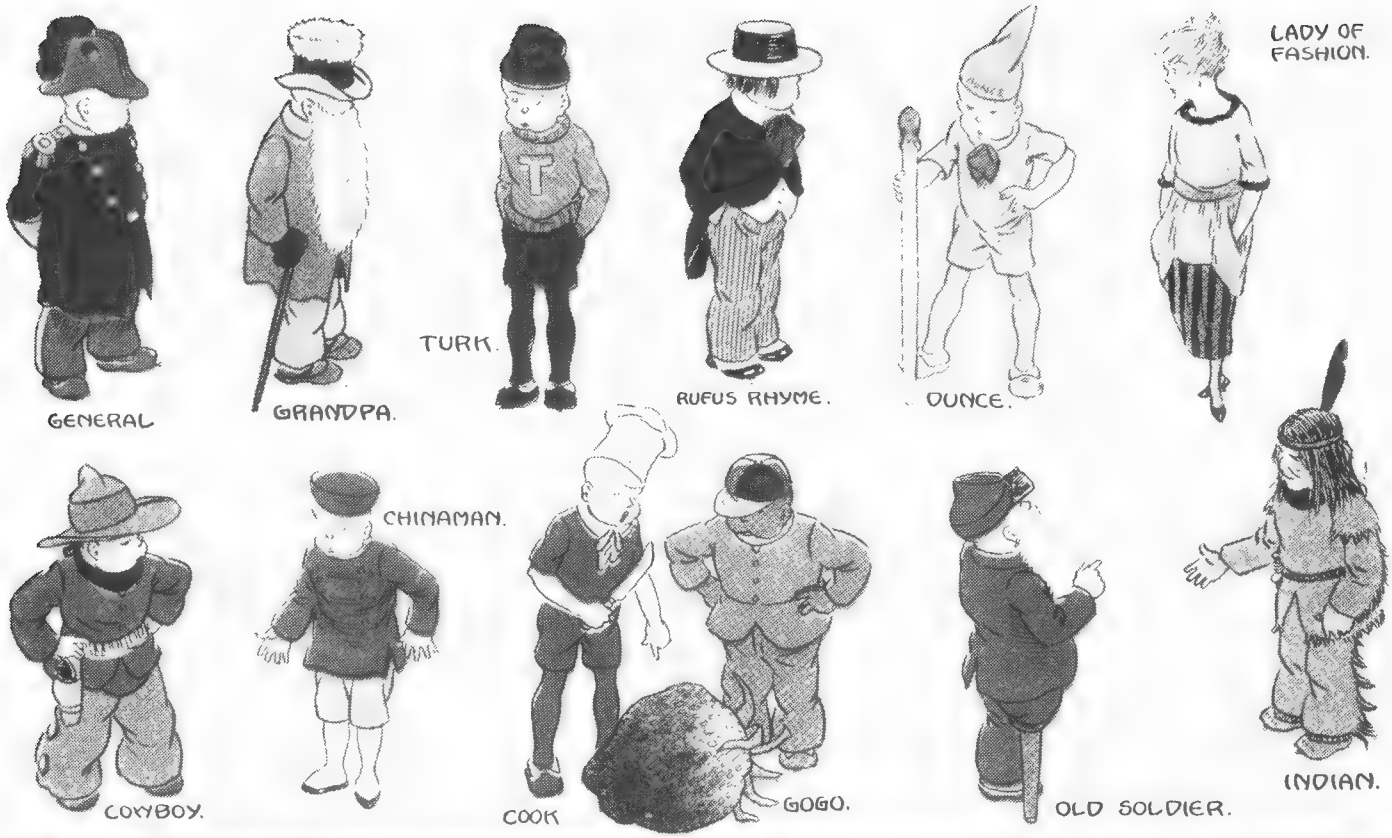
Its most attractive aspect was Donahey's art. The fantastic element in his work was in the conceptions, not executions, for as an artist he was a realist. There is meticulous shading, almost photographic rendering, and very little exaggeration. His use of colors was stunning—and we hope the half-tone reproductions with this article can convey his sense of tone and value. Whether in full painting or careful, exacting cross-hatch penwork, Donahey's art allows for a real sense of being *with* the Teenie Weenies, of making their existence believable. Exercising as much wisdom as logic, he always drew his scenes from an angle slightly above the action—you always saw the tops of hats and of shoulders—to never let his readers forget that those scenes were miniature tableaux.

And what magical scenes they were! A leaf floating on the breeze could knock a Teenie Weenie over. Cutting a melon—to quote the syndicate promotion from the 1933 incarnation—is a major engineering job. A minnow gives the community a fresh fish dinner, and a burnt match keeps them in firewood for a long time.

From the start, like with the obvious inspiration, Palmer Cox's *Brownies* in the pages of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines a generation earlier, the entire cast was identified. The Teenie Weenies not only had regular names and costumes week after week, but their personalities were well defined. The dunce obviously got into scrapes. The cowboy always sought adventure. The Lady of Fashion provided some glamour, and usually necessitated some heroics by Teenie Weenie men coming to her rescue. She also starred in the regular sidebar feature, the paper-doll and cutout corner; all the characters starred in that role many times over the years.

In the 1950s—Donahey's fifth decade of producing the tiny epics—newspaper standardization restricted him to a static half-page format. Our samples here are from newspaper pages and storybooks from earlier chronicles, when Donahey was free to effect wild and handsome format experimentation, and often had a full-size newspaper page for just one, detailed, colorful mini crowd-scene. Even at that, it was when he was locked into the rigid, smaller format of his last years that I discovered this work. When I was a boy all types of comics interested me, and I'll admit that *The Teenie Weenies* was never the first comic I turned to on Sunday mornings. But it was always *one* of them, without fail; a visit to the Little Land was as comfortable and welcome as the Sunday dinner at Grandma's.

It was fun to visit the very real world of the two-inch-tall folk, and to want to be there with them in those gentle adventures and dilemmas. William Donahey made it so easy for us.



TEENIES

ONE afternoon, while the Teenie Weenies were out walking, they stopped before a house where their friend, the mouse, lived.

"Let's go in and call on Mr. Mouse," said the General.

"Yes, let's do it," cried the rest, and at once they all hurried into the cellar.

The entrance to the home of Mr. Mouse was through a crack between two bricks. The General knocked loudly several times, and receiving no answer, he told the rest to wait for him, and stepped boldly in. He found no one at home, and so, leaving his card, returned to the waiting Teenie Weenies.

"I'm awfully sorry Mr. Mouse is out," said the Lady of Fashion, as the little people moved away. "I haven't seen him for a long time."

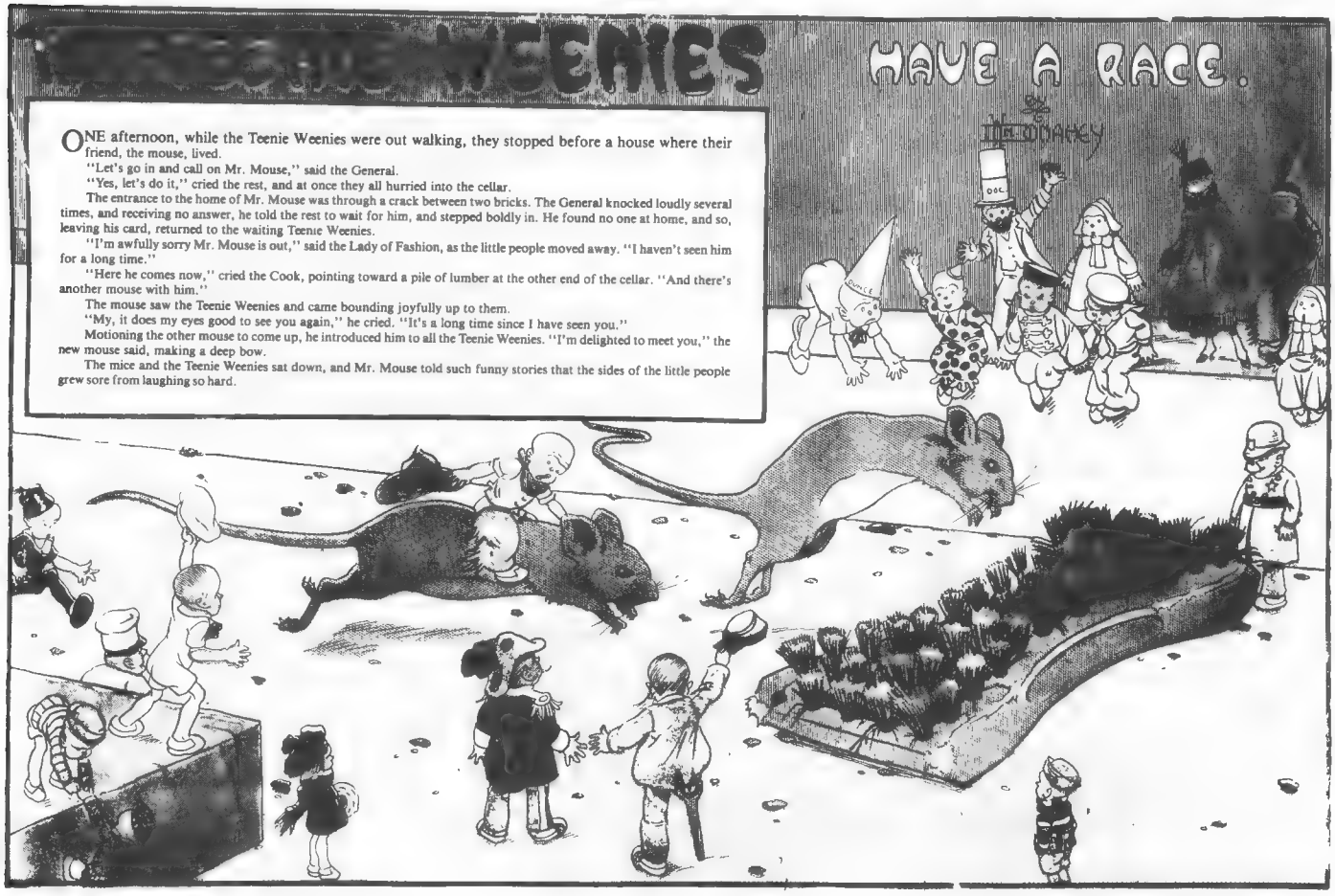
"Here he comes now," cried the Cook, pointing toward a pile of lumber at the other end of the cellar. "And there's another mouse with him."

The mouse saw the Teenie Weenies and came bounding joyfully up to them.

"My, it does my eyes good to see you again," he cried. "It's a long time since I have seen you."

Motioning the other mouse to come up, he introduced him to all the Teenie Weenies. "I'm delighted to meet you," the new mouse said, making a deep bow.

The mice and the Teenie Weenies sat down, and Mr. Mouse told such funny stories that the sides of the little people grew sore from laughing so hard.



"Let's have a race," cried the Cow Boy, after they had all talked for some time.

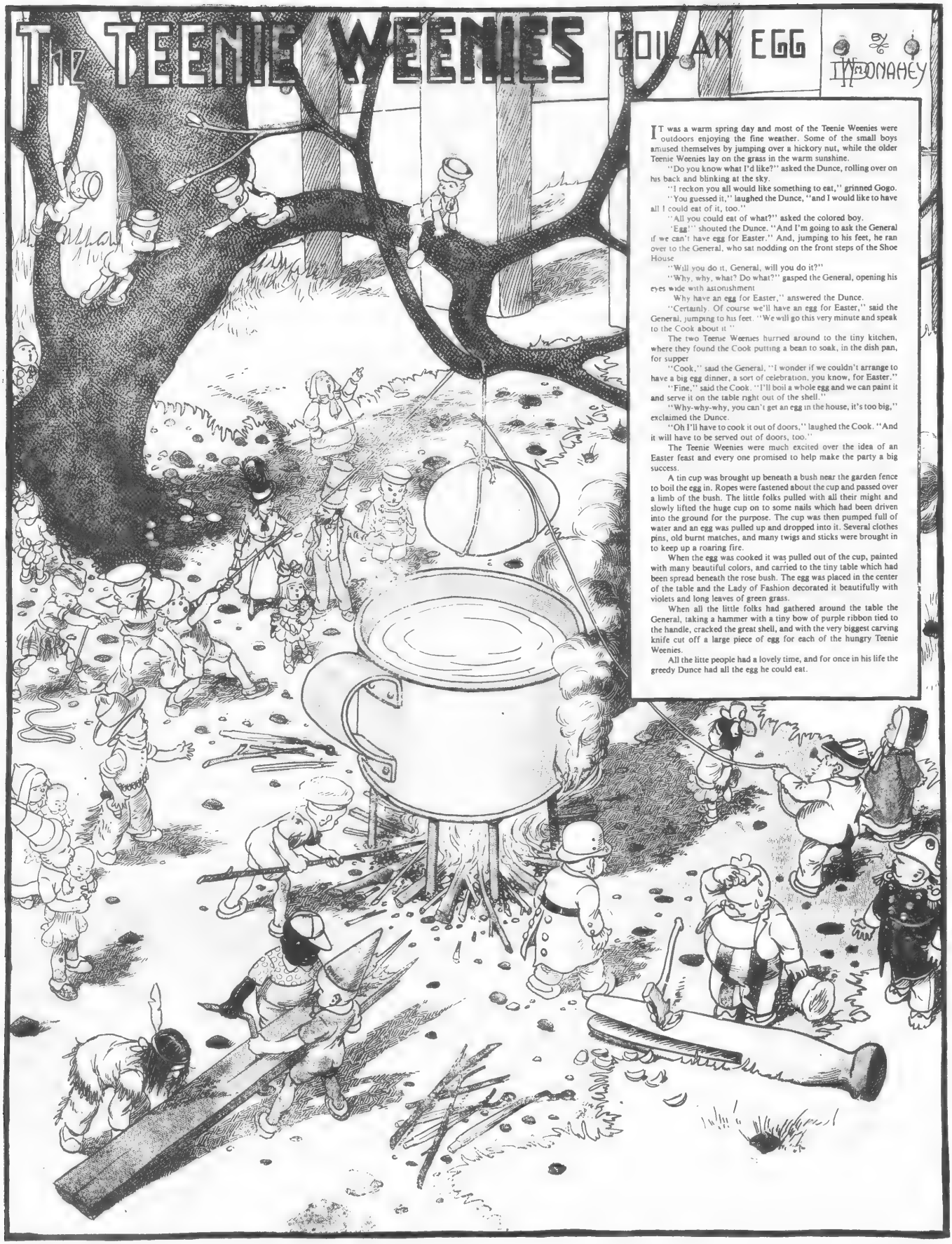
The mice agreed, and a race course was soon chosen. The race was to be run between two long boards, and an old scrubbing brush was brought up for a hurdle at the end of the track. the Cow Boy was to ride one mouse and the Dunce, who claimed to be a good rider, the other.

"Now," said the General, "the man who rides down the length of these boards and jumps over the scrubbing brush first will win the race."

When all was ready the signal was given and down the track came the mice, as fast as they could run, with the Cow Boy and the Dunce sticking tightly to their backs. As the mice drew near the hurdle the Dunce was ahead, and it looked as though he would win the race. But just as the mouse sprang into the air to leap over the brush the Dunce lost his grip, and was tossed into the air. The mouse jumped over the brush, and when the Dunce came down he hit the ground with a great thud.

The Cow Boy stuck tightly to his mouse, and, leaping gracefully over the brush, he was declared winner

The Dunce was not hurt by his fall. He joined loudly in the laughter that greeted his tumble, and was the first to start a cheer for the Cow Boy.



IT was a warm spring day and most of the Teenie Weenies were outdoors enjoying the fine weather. Some of the small boys amused themselves by jumping over a hickory nut, while the older Teenie Weenies lay on the grass in the warm sunshine.

"Do you know what I'd like?" asked the Dunce, rolling over on his back and blinking at the sky.

"I reckon you all would like something to eat," grinned Gogo.

"You guessed it," laughed the Dunce, "and I would like to have all I could eat of it, too."

"All you could eat of what?" asked the colored boy.

"Egg!" shouted the Dunce. "And I'm going to ask the General if we can't have egg for Easter." And, jumping to his feet, he ran over to the General, who sat nodding on the front steps of the Shoe House.

"Will you do it, General, will you do it?"

"Why, why, what? Do what?" gasped the General, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

Why have an egg for Easter," answered the Dunce.

"Certainly. Of course we'll have an egg for Easter," said the General, jumping to his feet. "We will go this very minute and speak to the Cook about it."

The two Teenie Weenies hurried around to the tiny kitchen, where they found the Cook putting a bean to soak, in the dish pan, for supper.

"Cook," said the General, "I wonder if we couldn't arrange to have a big egg dinner, a sort of celebration, you know, for Easter."

"Fine," said the Cook. "I'll boil a whole egg and we can paint it and serve it on the table right out of the shell."

"Why-why-why, you can't get an egg in the house, it's too big," exclaimed the Dunce.

"Oh I'll have to cook it out of doors," laughed the Cook. "And it will have to be served out of doors, too."

The Teenie Weenies were much excited over the idea of an Easter feast and every one promised to help make the party a big success.

A tin cup was brought up beneath a bush near the garden fence to boil the egg in. Ropes were fastened about the cup and passed over a limb of the bush. The little folks pulled with all their might and slowly lifted the huge cup on to some nails which had been driven into the ground for the purpose. The cup was then pumped full of water and an egg was pulled up and dropped into it. Several clothes pins, old burnt matches, and many twigs and sticks were brought in to keep up a roaring fire.

When the egg was cooked it was pulled out of the cup, painted with many beautiful colors, and carried to the tiny table which had been spread beneath the rose bush. The egg was placed in the center of the table and the Lady of Fashion decorated it beautifully with violets and long leaves of green grass.

When all the little folks had gathered around the table the General, taking a hammer with a tiny bow of purple ribbon tied to the handle, cracked the great shell, and with the very biggest carving knife cut off a large piece of egg for each of the hungry Teenie Weenies.

All the litte people had a lovely time, and for once in his life the greedy Dunce had all the egg he could eat.

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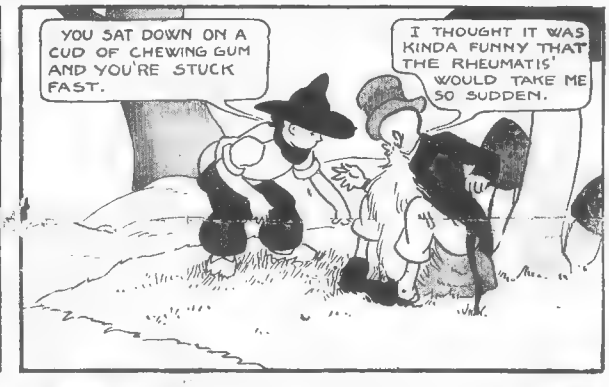
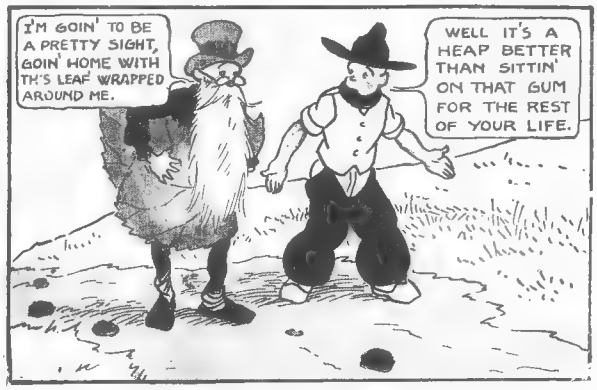
WHAT'S THE MATTER GRANDPA ?
I SAT DOWN HERE TO REST AND I MUST HAVE GOT A SUDDEN ATTACK OF RHEUMATIS', FOR I CAN'T GET UP.
WM. DONAHEY

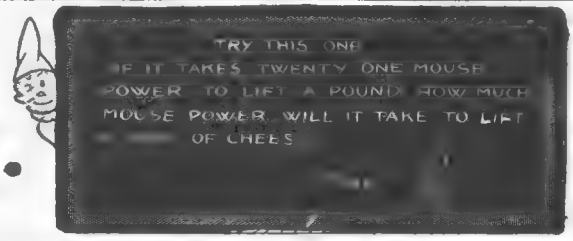

YOU SAT DOWN ON A CUD OF CHEWING GUM AND YOU'RE STUCK FAST.
I THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA FUNNY THAT THE RHEUMATIS' WOULD TAKE ME SO SUDDEN.


I'M GOIN' TO BE A PRETTY SIGHT, GOIN' HOME WITH TH'S LEAF WRAPPED AROUND ME.
WELL IT'S A HEAP BETTER THAN SITTIN' ON THAT GUM FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST PEOPLE.

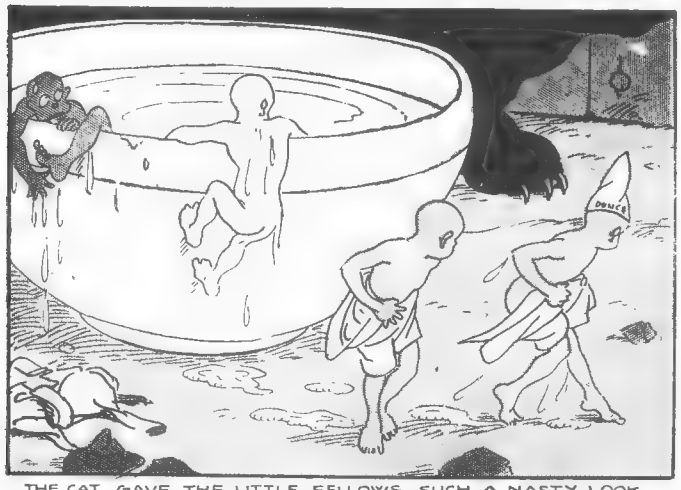
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



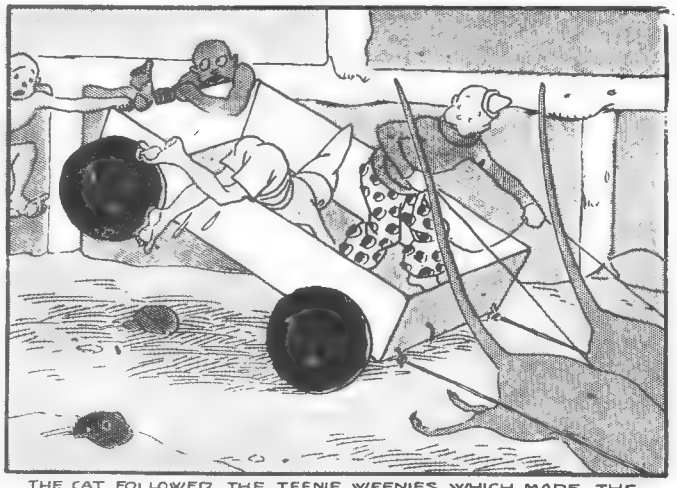
WM. DONAHEY + VERNA GUILFOYLE.

ONE DAY THE TEENIE WEENIES WERE DOING SOME WORK IN A BIG HOUSE WHEN THE DUNCE DISCOVERED A BOWL OF MILK AND SUGGESTED IT WOULD MAKE A FINE PLACE FOR A SWIM-

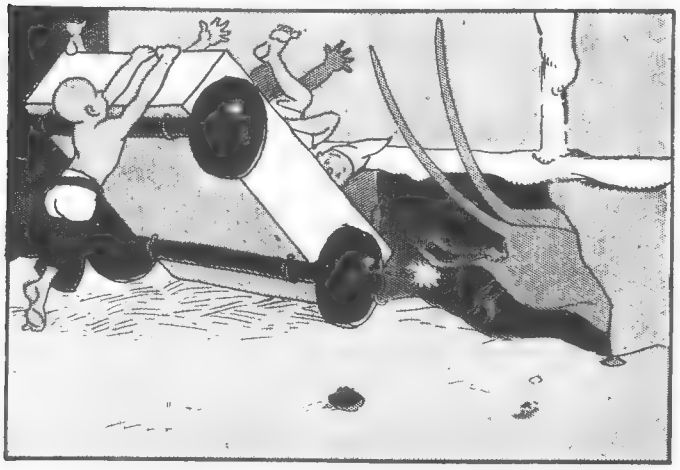
WHILE THE LITTLE FELLOWS WERE HAVING A GOOD SWIM AN OLD CAT APPEARED AND IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE SHE WAS ANGRY, FOR THE TEENIE WEENIES WERE SWIMMING IN HER DINNER.



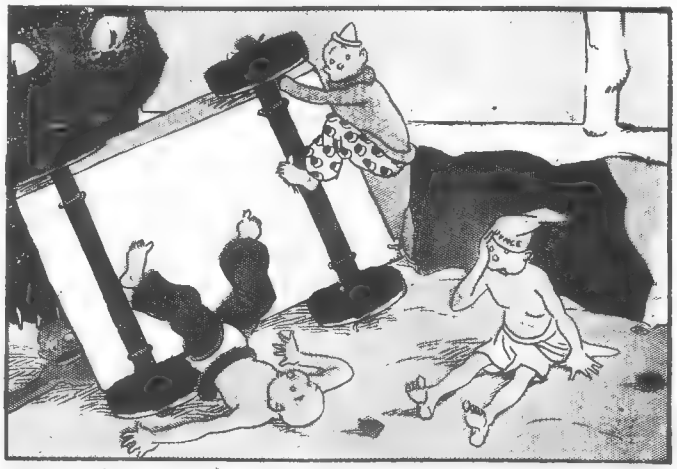
THE CAT GAVE THE LITTLE FELLOWS SUCH A NASTY LOOK THEY THOUGHT IT BEST TO LEAVE, SO CATCHING UP THEIR CLOTHES, THEY SCAMPERED OFF TO THE PLACE WHERE THEY HAD LEFT THEIR WAGON AND TEAM OF MICE.



THE CAT FOLLOWED THE TEENIE WEENIES WHICH MADE THE MICE RATHER NERVOUS AND THEY STARTED TO RUN AWAY. THE TEENIE WEENIES JUST HAD TIME TO TUMBLE INTO THE WAGON WHEN THE CAT APPEARED, AND THEN THE MICE SCOOTED.



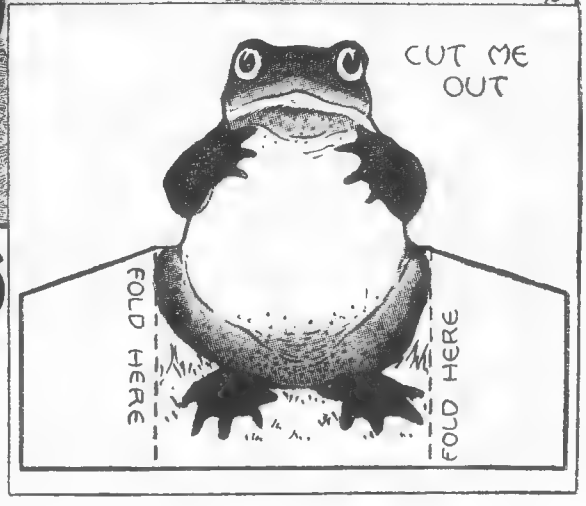
THE MICE COMPLETELY LOST THEIR HEADS AND DASHED INTO A HOLE IN THE WALL. THE HOLE WAS QUITE TOO SMALL FOR THE WAGON TO ENTER AND IT CAME TO A STOP WITH A BANG, SPILLING THE TEENIE WEENIES ALL OVER THE FLOOR.



THE CAT QUITE FORGOT HER ANGER WHEN SHE SAW THE TEENIE WEENIES SPRAWLING ON THE FLOOR AND SHE LAUGHED UNTIL SHE CRIED AT THE FUNNY SIGHT. FORTUNATELY NONE OF THE TEENIE WEENIES WERE HURT, BUT THEY ALL DECIDED THAT IT WAS THE LAST TIME THEY'D EVER TAKE A DIP IN A CAT'S DINNER.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY



ONE WARM DAY a number of the Teenie Weenies set off for the woods. They loved to wander under the overhanging ferns and to lie on the soft moss where it was cool and quiet. They had many friends among the birds, rabbits and squirrels and these friends always warned them when a weasel was near, for weasels are sometimes very vicious and the little people made it a point to keep out of their way.

On this particular day it was terribly warm and the Teenie Weenies lay under the shade of a maiden hair fern, where the moss was soft and the air cool. Finally the Dunce, who never could keep quiet long, decided to go in search of a May apple. He teased the Chinaman into going with him and they disappeared under the dense growth of woodsy plants.

The rest of the Teenie Weenies lay on the moss and squinted up the leafy ferns high over their heads. Some of the little folk talked while several slept, and one or two snored. Suddenly they were all brought to their feet by loud screams for help, and they all ran in the direction from which the cries came. Jumping over sticks and dodging wild flowers, they finally came to an open spot beneath a big bush. There they stopped in wide-eyed astonishment, for directly in front of them sat a a big toad. Standing on the top of a mushroom was the frightened Chinaman, screaming at the top of his small voice. High up on the twig of the bush clung the Dunce.

"What's the matter with you two?" asked the Doctor, walking out near the toad while the rest of the rescue party stood timidly at a safe distance.

"Allie same him dragon!" shouted the Chinaman, pointing a finger at the toad.

"Why, that's just a harmless old toad," said the Doctor. "He wouldn't hurt you."

"Allie same no takie chance," answered the Chinaman.

The Doctor went up to the toad, patted him on the back and the big fellow hopped off and disappeared among the foliage.

The Chinaman jumped off the mushroom and the Dunce slid down to the ground. "We were coming along here when the toad popped from under that bush," said the Dunce. "I knew a toad wouldn't hurt me, but somehow I didn't think of that until I was up on that twig."

"Allie same me no likie toad!" said the Chinaman.

"Why, that toad would never harm you," the Doctor said. "He just hops around, eating bugs and worms. They are mighty handy around a garden, for they eat cut worms and other bugs that destroy plants. I wish we had that toad in our garden. He'd save us a lot of work fighting bugs."

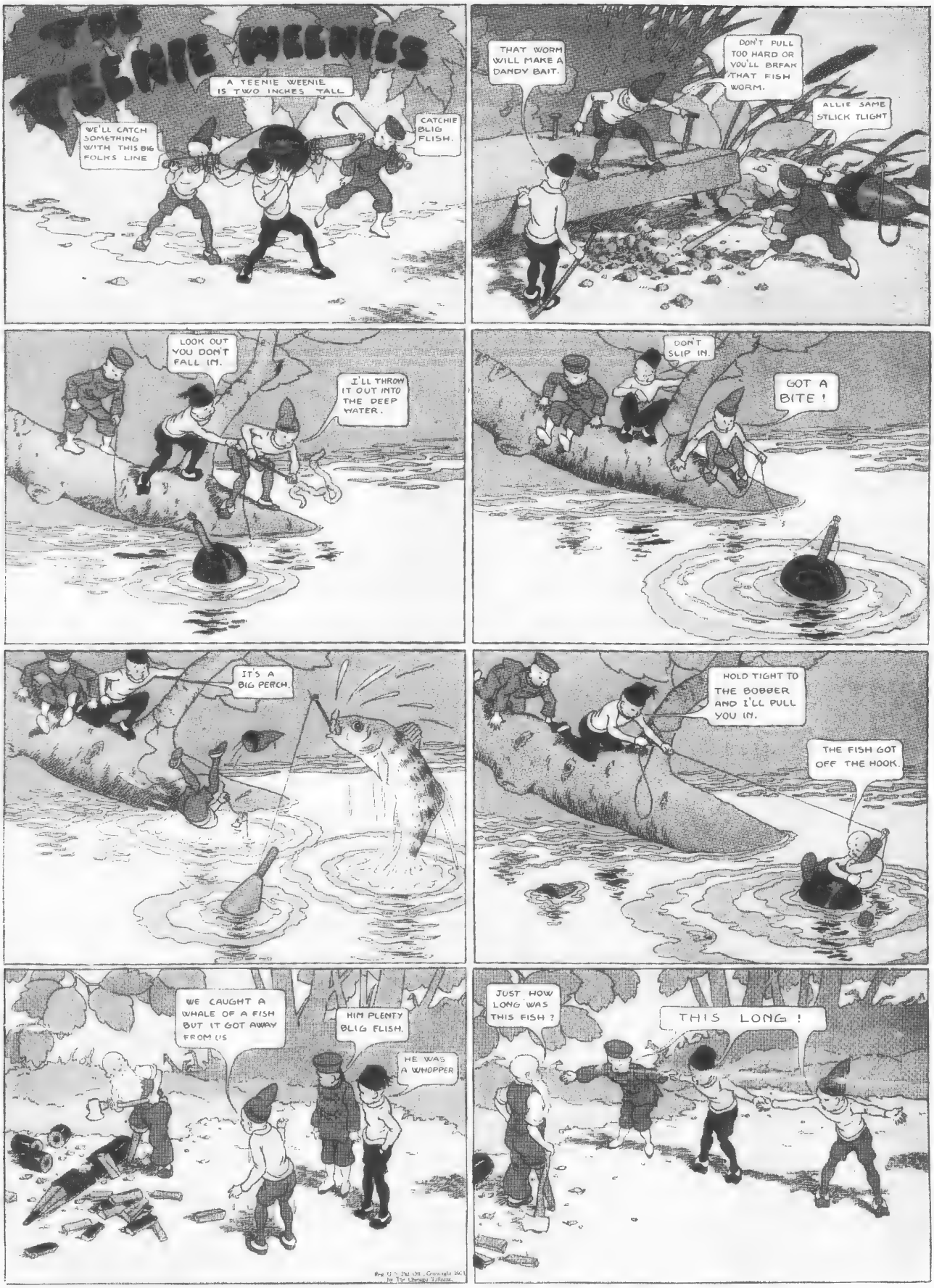
"Allie same, me rather flight bugs," said the Chinaman.

"Toads will give you warts," suggested the Dunce.

"That's foolish," said the Doctor; "you don't get warts from toads."

"Well, I'd rather be foolish than warty," grinned the Dunce.

"Bugs and worms would eat up all our plants if it wasn't for the birds and toads," the Doctor explained. "The birds eat bugs during the day and then at night when the birds sleep the toads come out and get the night bugs and worms. A toad is a good friend and he should always be treated with kindness."


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
WE'LL CATCH SOMETHING WITH THIS BIG FOLKS LINE
CATCHIE BLIG FLISH.
THAT WORM WILL MAKE A DANDY BAIT.
DON'T PULL TOO HARD OR YOU'LL BREAK THAT FISH WORM.
ALLIE SAME STLICK TLIGHT
LOOK OUT YOU DON'T FALL IN.
I'LL THROW IT OUT INTO THE DEEP WATER.
DON'T SLIP IN.
GOT A BITE!
IT'S A BIG PERCH.
HOLD TIGHT TO THE BOBBER AND I'LL PULL YOU IN.
THE FISH GOT OFF THE HOOK.
WE CAUGHT A WHALE OF A FISH BUT IT GOT AWAY FROM US
HIM PLENTY BLIG FLISH.
HE WAS A WHOPPER
JUST HOW LONG WAS THIS FISH?
THIS LONG!

King of the Jungle Jive

V.T. Hamlin Created—or Recreated—A Wondrous Comics World of Action, Humor, and Scenery

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! LOOK--A DIMETRODON OF THE DERMIAN ERA! AND OVER THERE A TRICERATOPS OF THE CRETACEOUS--COVERING A RANGE OF A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS!
EITHER THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH GEOLOGY, OR THIS IS THE MOST COMPLETELY SCRAMBLED PLACE ON EARTH!

One of the appealing features of the classic *Alley Oop* strip is the predictable unpredictability of Alley and his friends. Just when we think we have them pegged, they do just the opposite of what we expect; we get adventure when we anticipate humor, or comedy when tragedy seems near. In short, the characters have the unpredictability of real life.

An artist paints, a sculptor carves, an author writes, but we have no perfect verb for what the creator of a comic strip does. All we can say, clumsily, is that Vincent T. Hamlin is the artist/writer of *Alley Oop*. Clearly, he has read a lot of science fiction; we even know that he attended one of the early s-f Worldcons. So the background for *Alley Oop* is more rational and consistent than would appear at first glance. For example, the saga of *Alley Oop* begins roughly 50 million years ago. In the evolutionary context, this is well into the age of mammals, in the Eocene Epoch, so it is just barely possible that some early evolvers could exist in the form of Alley and his tribe. At the same time, the age of dinosaurs is just 20 million years earlier, so a few of the great beasts could have still survived in the lush valley of Moo, although they had perished over the rest of the Earth. If you want to have cavemen and dinosaurs in a cave setting, this is probably the best way to do it.

As for the language problem, a time-travel comic strip can hardly spend several days in each story for the characters to learn Ancient Egyptian or whatever. In the daily strip for January 7, 1941 we learn that time travel imparts a limited telepathy. Time travelers directly perceive thoughts as they are sub-vocalized, and so, in effect, understand and speak all languages.

One of the great *Alley Oop* science-fiction stories is his trip to the Moon, in the 1949 daily strip. As far as I (or any other s-f historian) have discovered, V.T. Hamlin was the only author to predict that the first Moon landing would be televised live. And he went on to describe how the Moon voyage would be interrupted by commercials, and how the public would become bored with space travel in short order, and wish they had their mindless entertainment back.

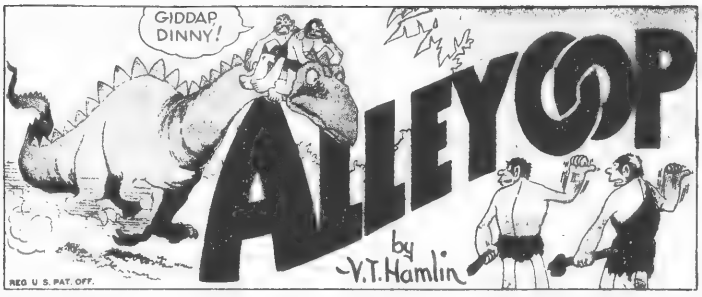
There is also fantasy aplenty in *Alley Oop*. A good many of his early adventures revolve around Queen Hippolyta's magic belt. Alley never figures out why his spoken wishes come true, though G. Oscar Boom knows very well the belt's power, and tries to steal it.

During World War II Alley Oop did his patriotic bit, along with Flash Gordon and every other comic strip character, regardless of how unlikely the time or setting. A comic strip that did not carry a patriotic message might have been banned from the newspapers! Here again, V.T. Hamlin is unique. Alley is filled with a jingoistic hatred of all "Japs" but V.T. Hamlin, alone of all the comic strip artists who worked during the war, portrays the Japanese as human and deserving of respect. Contrast this reasonable attitude with Buck Rogers: "When the United Nations destroyed Tokyo—and the Japanese Empire in 1945 A.D.—part of the Nips fled into space! They reverted to type—and became monkeymen!"

Following is a selection of some of the great Sunday pages. The daily *Oop* began August 7, 1933, and the earliest Sunday discovered by researchers is our first, September 9, 1934. The early adventures revolve around Alley Oop; his sometime girlfriend Ooola; his pal and rival Foozy, who speaks in rhyme and considers his brains to be the counterpart to Oop's brawn; Alley's dinosaur, Dinny; Guzzle, King of Moo; Umpateedle, his Queen; their daughter, Wootietoot; and the Grand Wizer.

The daily strip from this period tends to be adventure, the Sunday toward humôr. We reprint some typical caveman adventures, the first time machine strips, Alley's confrontation with modern day life, his brief return to Moo (which occurs in the Sunday but not in the daily), and conclude with his first trip to Ancient Greece.

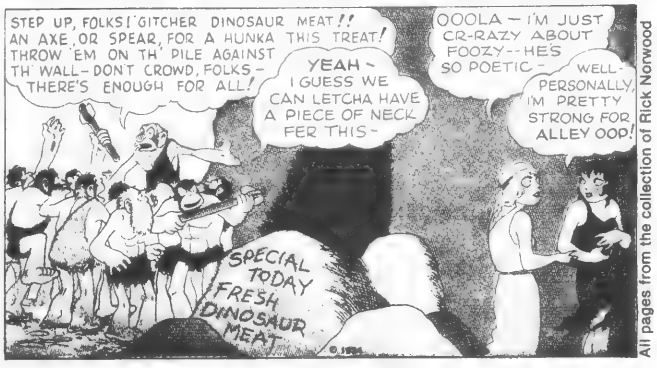
—Rick Norwood



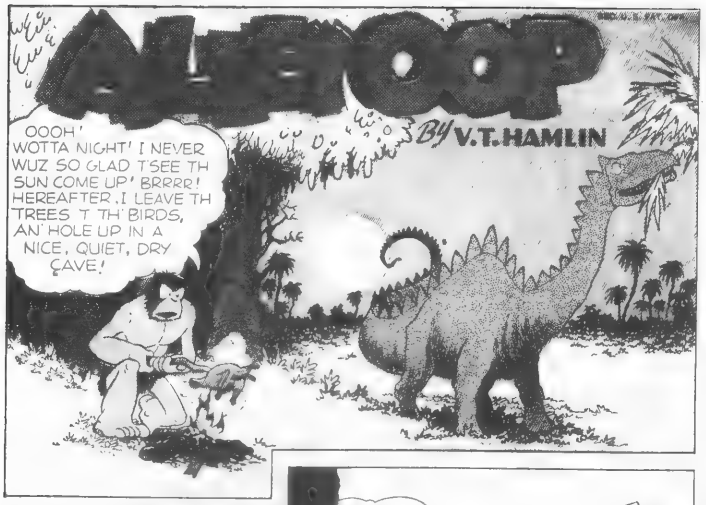
DINNY'S FAMILY ALBUM
MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC PAST
CERATOSARUS
(SARAH-TOS-SIR-US)
THIS HORNED-NOSED, FORMIDABLE MONSTER PREYED ON HELPLESS HERBIVORES IN THE MARSHES. IT MEASURED ABOUT EIGHTEEN FEET LONG, WAS ARMED WITH TERRIBLE TEETH, IN POWERFUL JAWS, AND HOPPED ABOUT LIKE A GIANT KANGAROO.
START YOURSELF A PREHISTORIC SCRAP BOOK
NEXT WEEK-STEGOSAURUS
-T.T.Hamlin-

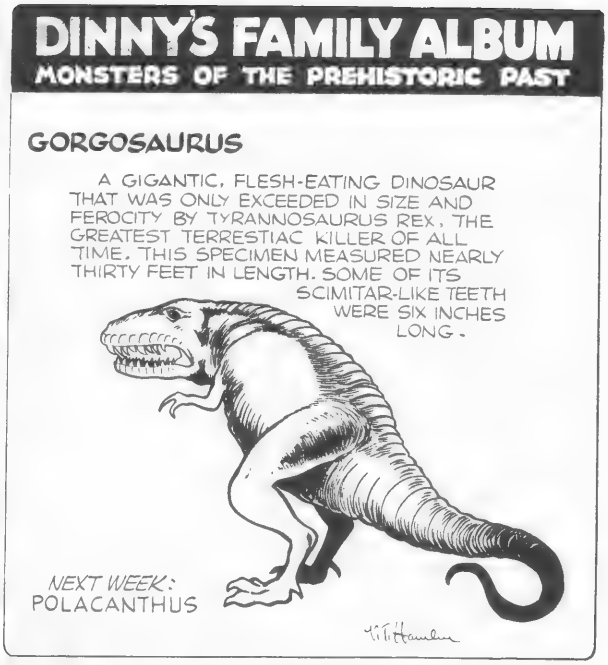
HEY, ALLEY OOP, GIVE US A LIFT DOWN TH' BIG SWAMP, WILL YA? WE'RE GOIN' HUNTIN'-
AN' THEN, IF YOU'LL HAUL US BACK, WE'LL GIVE YA HALF OF WHAT WE KETCH!
WHAT D'YA SAY, FOOZY-SHALL WE TAKE 'EM UP?
SOUNDS T'ME LIKE A REAL GOOD STUNT-WE GET EATS, WITHOUT HAVING T' HUNT!

WHEW! WE SURE WERE LUCKY TO GIT OUTA THAT MESS-IT'S TOO BAD WE HAD TO PUT OOP AN' FOOZY ON TH' SPOT, THOUGH-
TOO BAD, EH? I WISH YOU'D HAVE A LOOK!
NICE OF THOSE GUYS T'GIVE US THIS CRITTER-BUT WE CAN'T BEGIN T'EAT IT ALL-WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?
WELL, FOLKS LIKE DINOSAUR MEAT-AND WE NEED THINGS THEY GOT-MEBBE THEY'D GIVE US AN AXE, OR SPEAR, FOR A HUNKA MEAT, EH, WHAT?
V.T.Hamlin


STEP UP, FOLKS! GITCHER DINOSAUR MEAT!! AN AXE, OR SPEAR, FOR A HUNKA THIS TREAT! THROW 'EM ON TH' PILE AGAINST TH' WALL-DON'T CROWD, FOLKS-THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL!
YEAH-I GUESS WE CAN LETCHA HAVE A PIECE OF NECK FER THIS-
OOOLA-I'M JUST CR-RAZY ABOUT FOOZY--HE'S SO POETIC-
WELL-PERSONALLY, I'M PRETTY STRONG FOR ALLEY OOP!
SPECIAL TODAY FRESH DINOSAUR MEAT

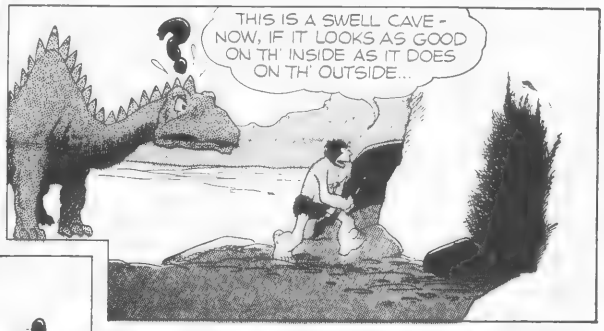
All pages from the collection of Rick Norwood


ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMLIN
OOOH! WOTTA NIGHT! I NEVER WUZ SO GLAD T'SEE TH SUN COME UP! BRRRR! HEREAFTER, I LEAVE TH TREES T' TH' BIRDS, AN' HOLE UP IN A NICE, QUIET, DRY CAVE!

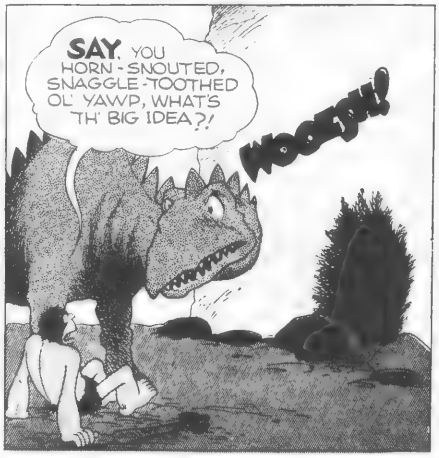

DINNY'S FAMILY ALBUM
MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC PAST
GORGOSAURUS
A GIGANTIC, FLESH-EATING DINOSAUR THAT WAS ONLY EXCEEDED IN SIZE AND FEROCITY BY TYRANNOSAURUS REX, THE GREATEST TERRESTIAC KILLER OF ALL TIME. THIS SPECIMEN MEASURED NEARLY THIRTY FEET IN LENGTH. SOME OF ITS SCIMITAR-LIKE TEETH WERE SIX INCHES LONG.
NEXT WEEK: POLACANTHUS

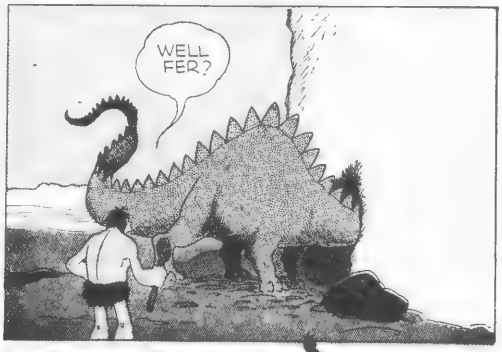
AWRIGHT, DINNY - LE'S GIT GOIN' THIS IS GONNA BE OUR BUSY DAY - WE GOTTA FIND US SOME PLACE T'LIVE!

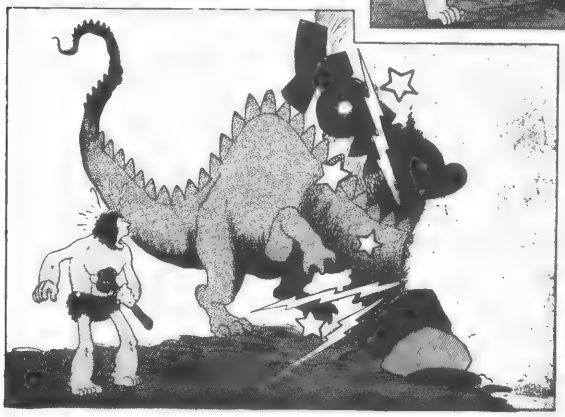
HAH! HERE'S WHERE WE OUGHTA FIND JUS' WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN FOR -

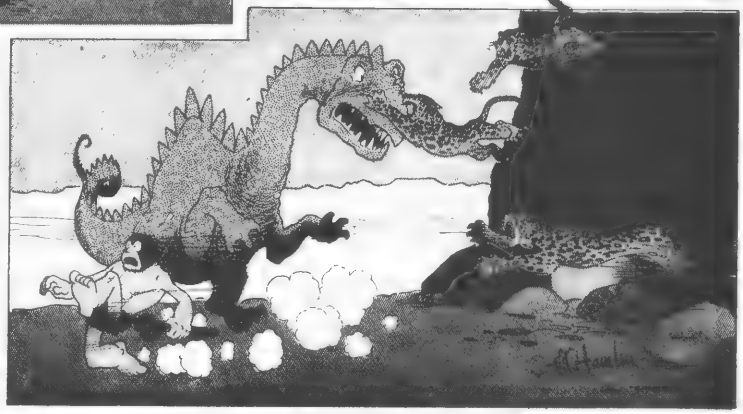

THIS IS A SWELL CAVE - NOW, IF IT LOOKS AS GOOD ON TH' INSIDE AS IT DOES ON TH' OUTSIDE...

HEY!


SAY, YOU HORN-SNOUTED, SNAGGLE-TOOTHED OL' YAWP, WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA?!
WOOF!!


WELL FER?





ALLEY OOP

OF ALL TH' FOOL THINGS YOU'VE EVER DONE, THIS FIGHT WITH A SAURIAN WILL BE TH WORST ONE! WHY OH WHY DID YOU TELL TH QUEEN THAT YOU ALONE WOULD THIS DINOSAUR BEAN!

AW, I WUZ JUS' CALLIN' HER BLUFF! I DON'T THINK SHE'S GOT A DINOSAUR - AN' IF SHE HAS, IT CAN'T BE SUCH A BAD ONE, OR A GANG OF WOMEN NEVER COULDA CAPTURED IT —

T. M REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NOW, BOASTFUL SLAVE, THIS IS THE CANYON OF THE MONSTER! DO YOU STILL DESIRE TO DESCEND ITS WALLS, MEET THE DINOSAUR, AN' TRY TO WIN YOUR FREEDOM?

AW, I DON'T SEE NO MONSTER! HOW DO I GET DOWN THERE

EITHER CLIMB DOWN THIS VINE, OR JUMP — SUIT YOURSELF!

SUMPIN TELLS ME I'D BETTER SLIP AWAY AN' GIT DINNY, QUICK - ELSE THERE WON'T BE NUFF LEFT OF OOP T'PICK UP ON A STICK!

IF THERE'S ANY MONSTER DOWN IN THIS HOLE, IT SURE IS KEEPIN OUTA SIGHT!

FOOEY! THOSE GALS HAVE GOT HALLUCINATIONS! I'VE STOMPED ALL OVER THIS PLACE AN I AINT SEEN NOTHIN' BUT HORNED TOADS AN SPIDERS —

HOYKAWOW! AN ALLOSAURUS! - WHOOOF!

WHILE EODORA, QUEEN OF AMA, AND HER WARRIORS FOCUSED THEIR ATTENTION ON ALLEY OOP, FOOZY SLIPPED AWAY, INTO THE JUNGLE, AND RACED FOR DINNY, THE DINOSAUR —

GIT HOT, DINNY, GIT HOT! OUR PAL, ALLEY, IS IN A TOUGH SPOT!

NICE GOIN, DINNY! FINE! WE GOT HERE IN TH' NICK OF TIME!

NICE GOIN' DINNY, OL' BOY! YA SURE SAVED MY HIDE, THIS TIME!

1-6

SO LONG GIRLS — THANKS FOR TH LOVELY EVENING!

WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS THERE GOES TH BEST SLAVE YOU EVER HAD! SHALL WE PURSUE THEM?

NO CAPTAIN IT WOULD BE USELESS - AND BESIDES I'M SURE THE BIG ONE WILL RETURN

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V. T. Hamlin

DINNY'S FAMILY ALBUM
MONSTERS OF THE PREHISTORIC PAST

CEPHALASPIS
(SEPH-AL-ASPIS)
TOP

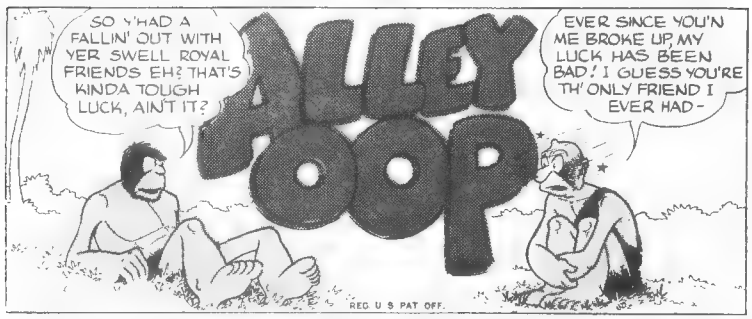
PTERICHTHYS
(TER-ISH-THYS)
BELOW

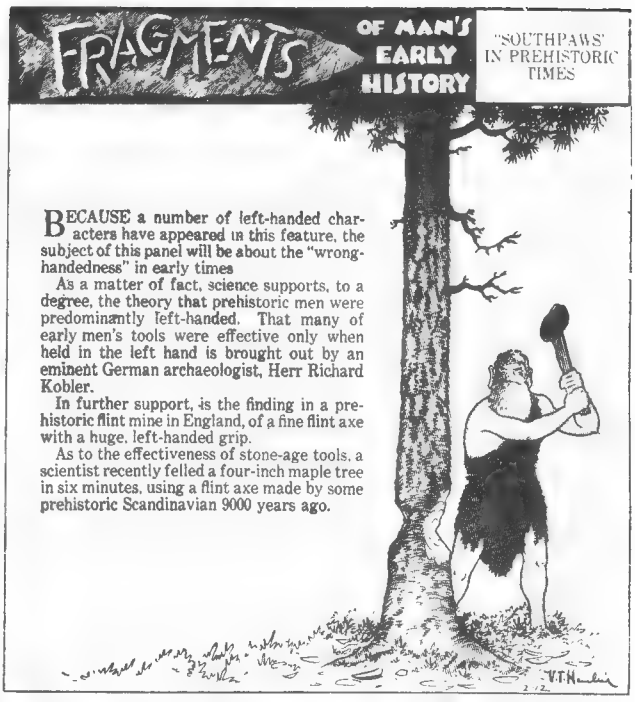
CHIEF AMONG THE EARLIEST KNOWN FORMS OF LIFE UPON THIS PLANET, MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, WERE LITTLE ARMORED FISH-LIKE ANIMALS AS PICTURED HERE

THEY DID NOT POSSESS A HARD BACKBONE, BEING MORE LIKE CRUSTACEANS (CRABS, ETC.). THEY ARE LABELED PREVERTEBRATES, IN-AS-MUCH AS SOME NATURALISTS BELIEVE THE VERTEBRATES DEVELOPED FROM CRUSTACEANS.

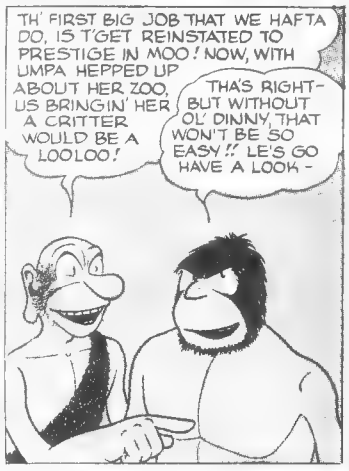
NEXT WEEK - DIPLODOCUS

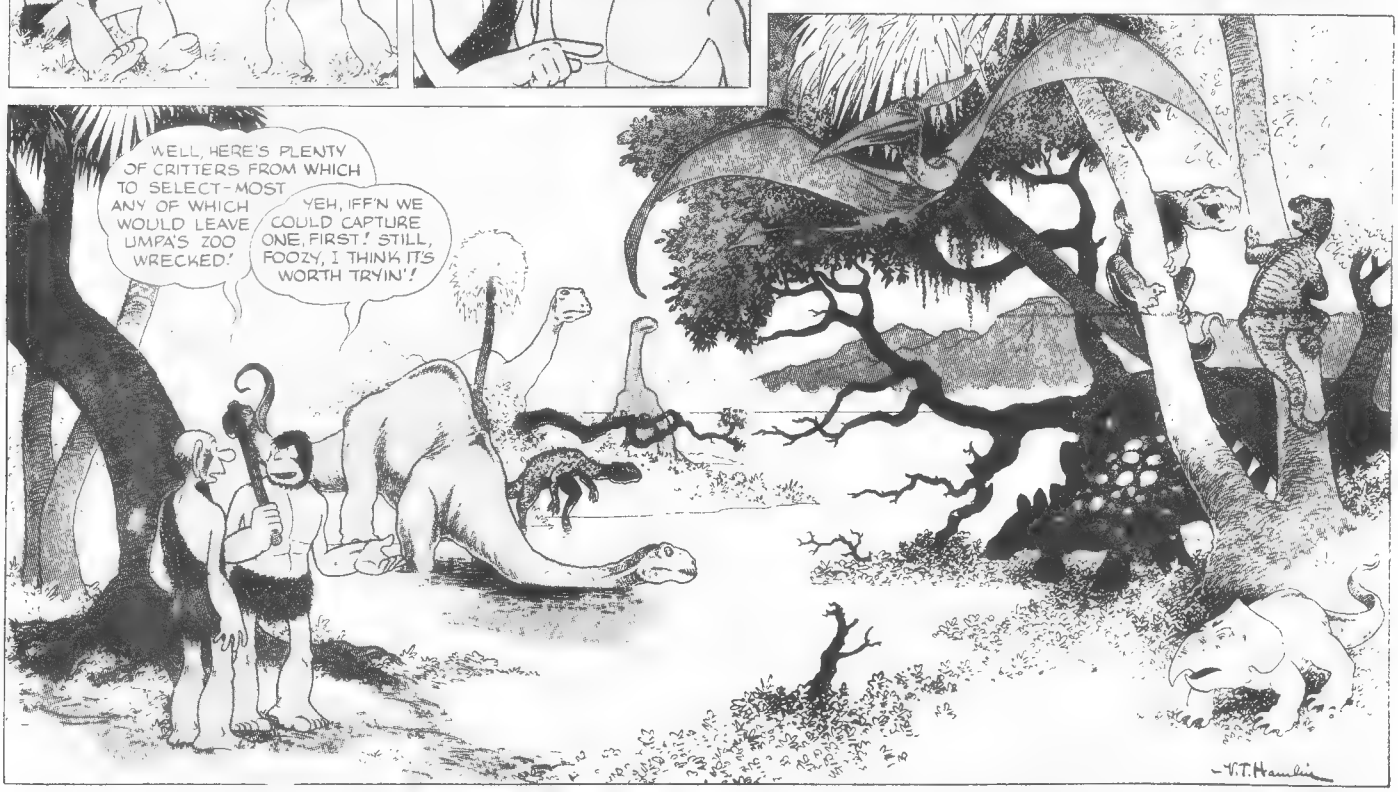
V. T. Hamlin

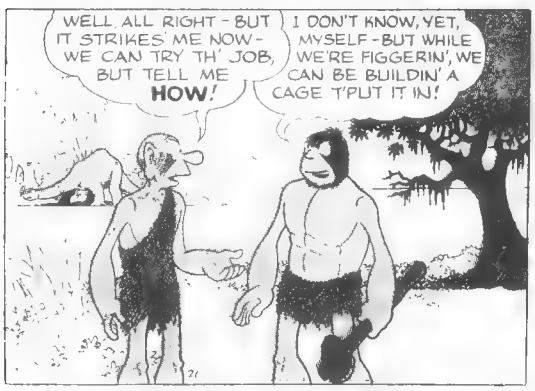

ALLEY OOP
SO Y'HAD A FALLIN' OUT WITH YER SWELL ROYAL FRIENDS EH? THAT'S KINDA TOUGH LUCK, AINT IT?
EVER SINCE YOU'N ME BROKE UP, MY LUCK HAS BEEN BAD! I GUESS YOU'RE TH' ONLY FRIEND I EVER HAD-
REG U S PAT OFF.


FRAGMENTS OF MAN'S EARLY HISTORY
"SOUTHPAWS" IN PREHISTORIC TIMES
BECAUSE a number of left-handed characters have appeared in this feature, the subject of this panel will be about the "wrong-handedness" in early times
As a matter of fact, science supports, to a degree, the theory that prehistoric men were predominantly left-handed. That many of early men's tools were effective only when held in the left hand is brought out by an eminent German archaeologist, Herr Richard Kobler.
In further support, is the finding in a prehistoric flint mine in England, of a fine flint axe with a huge, left-handed grip.
As to the effectiveness of stone-age tools, a scientist recently felled a four-inch maple tree in six minutes, using a flint axe made by some prehistoric Scandinavian 9000 years ago.
V.T.Hamlin

AW, FORGET IT! YOU'N ME USED T'GIT ON PRETTY WELL - WHAT D'YA SAY T'US BEIN' PARDNERS AGAIN, EH?
PARDNERS AGAIN, Y'MEAN YOU'N ME? WHY, THAT'D BE SWELL, GOSH, OOP, GEE! PUT ER THERE, PAL - YOU OL' SCALLYWAG! TOGETHER, WE'VE TH' WORLD RIGHT IN TH' BAG!


TH' FIRST BIG JOB THAT WE HAFTA DO, IS T'GET REINSTATED TO PRESTIGE IN MOO! NOW, WITH UMPA HEPPED UP ABOUT HER ZOO, US BRINGIN' HER A CRITTER WOULD BE A LOOLOO!
THA'S RIGHT - BUT WITHOUT OL' DINNY, THAT WON'T BE SO EASY!! LE'S GO HAVE A LOOK -


WELL, HERE'S PLENTY OF CRITTERS FROM WHICH TO SELECT - MOST ANY OF WHICH WOULD LEAVE UMPA'S ZOO WRECKED!
YEH, IFF'N WE COULD CAPTURE ONE, FIRST! STILL, FOOZY, I THINK IT'S WORTH TRYIN'!
V.T.Hamlin


WELL ALL RIGHT - BUT IT STRIKES ME NOW - WE CAN TRY TH' JOB, BUT TELL ME HOW!
I DON'T KNOW, YET, MYSELF - BUT WHILE WE'RE FIGGERIN', WE CAN BE BUILDIN' A CAGE T'PUT IT IN!

THAT'LL SAVE LOST MOTION, THERE AINT NO DOUBT - BUT IT'LL BE SOME CAGE, I'M HERE T SHOUT!
MERELY A DETAIL TO US, FOOZY - MERELY A DETAIL!
COPR 1937 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

ALLEY OOP
OH, FOR TH' GOOD OL' DAYS WHEN THERE WAS SOME EXCITEMENT!
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FRAGMENTS
ODDS AND ENDS OF PREHISTORIC LORE
$150,000 IN SILVER WOULD HARDLY MORE THAN BUY ONE MODERATELY EFFICIENT BOMBING PLANE, YET A SIMILAR SUM MORE THAN SUFFICED THE GREEK THEMISTOCLES TO BUILD A FLEET THAT ROUTED THE PERSIANS AT SALAMIS (449 B.C.), A BATTLE OF SUCH IMPORTANCE THAT IT SHAPED WORLD HISTORY.
PROOF THAT BRITONS WERE IN THE PERIOD OF TRANSITION FROM THE STONE AGE TO THE BRONZE AGE, ONLY 3500 YEARS AGO, IS CONTAINED IN RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.
THE PETRIFIED FOREST NATIONAL MONUMENT CONTAINS NOT JUST ONE "FOREST", BUT SIX.
1-8
YEOW!
WEOWP!
BOOM!
BAM!
HI, OOP! SAY, HAVE YA BEEN DOIN' ANYTHING EXCITING THESE DAYS?
NAW! I SWEAR, GUZ- I NEVER HAVE SEEN THINGS SO DULL!
WELL, HOW 'BOUT A SNAPPY LITTLE GAME OF CHECKERS TO RELIEVE TH' TEDIUM?
GEE, GUZ- NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! TROT OUT YOUR OUTFIT AN' LE'S GIT AT IT!
H.T. Hamlin
1-8
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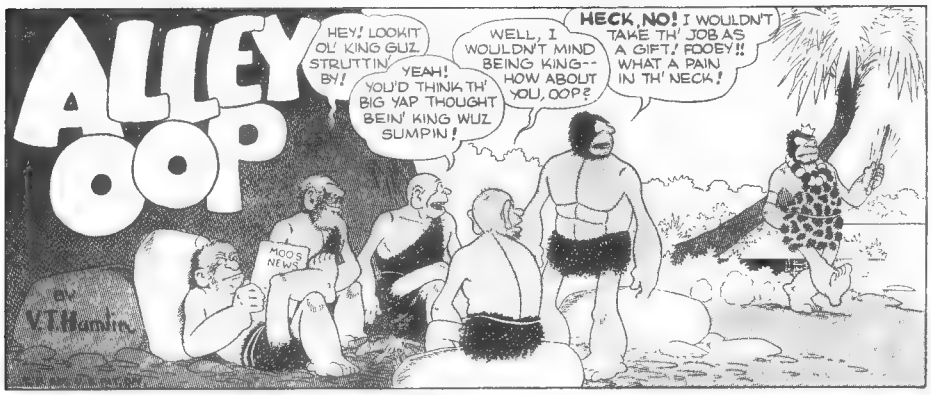
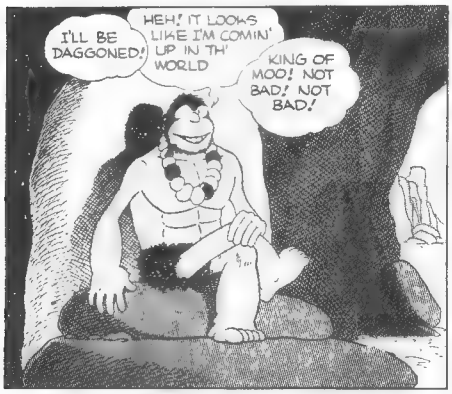

ALLEY OOP
BY V.T.HAMLIN
HEY! LOOKIT OL' KING GUZ STRUTTIN' BY!
YEAH! YOU'D THINK TH' BIG YAP THOUGHT BEIN' KING WUZ SUMPIN!
MOO'S NEWS
WELL, I WOULDN'T MIND BEING KING--HOW ABOUT YOU, OOP?
HECK, NO! I WOULDN'T TAKE TH' JOB AS A GIFT! FOOEY!! WHAT A PAIN IN TH' NECK!

NEVER MIND--I GOTTA ATTEND A CONFERENCE IN LEM, SO YOU'RE ELECTED! HERE--YOU'LL WEAR THESE AS YOUR BADGE OF AUTHORITY IN MY ABSENCE
?

NOW, SEEIN'S HOW I'M IN A HURRY, I'M GONNA BORROW YOUR DINNY, IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU
WHY, SURE, GUZ--I WON'T BE NEEDIN' HIM
AN' BE CAREFUL OF THEM JEWELS--THEY'VE BEEN IN TH' FAMILY SINCE OL' GRANDPAW GUZZLE TH' FIRST
OKAY



YEP! HEAD MAN, THAT'S ME! C'MON, KID.. LE'S GO SHOW FOLKS AN' STUFF!
GRAND! BUT WAIT-A BIG-SHOT SHOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH A GIRL WHOSE NOSE IS SHINY!

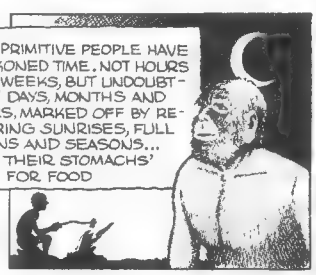
APRIL 2, 1939

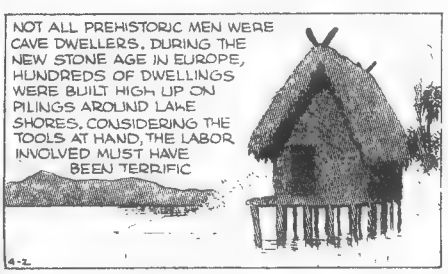
DEAR READER: DUE TO THE STRANGE NATURE OF THIS STORY, WE MUST ASK YOU TO BEAR WITH US UNTIL NEXT WEEK FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THIS, THE MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF OUR HERO, ALLEY OOP.

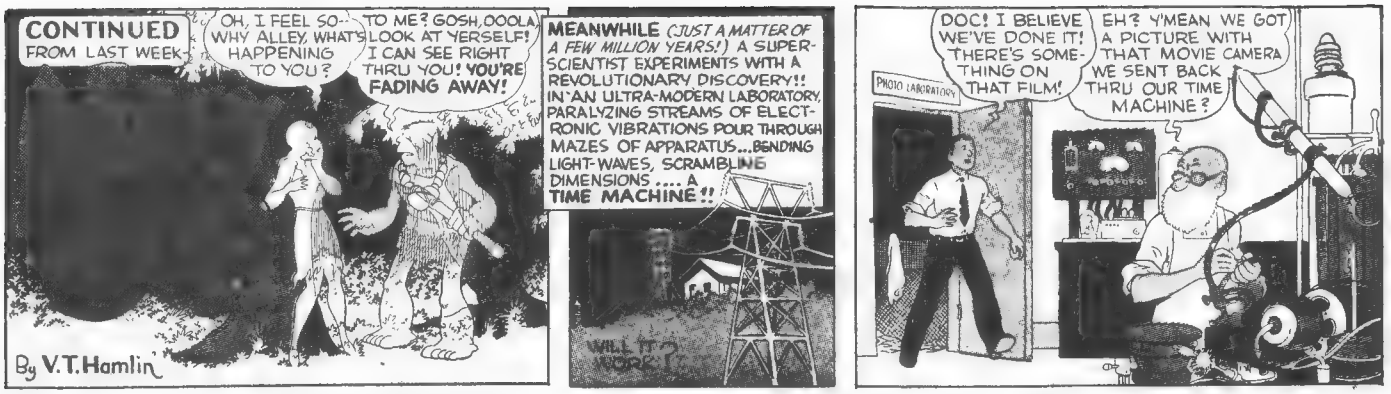
V.T. Hamlin

4-2

SCIENCE HAS PROVED HIS LIFE AVERAGE TO HAVE BEEN ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS. TO CIVILIZATION MUST GO THE CREDIT FOR A LIFE EXPECTANCY OF THREE SCORE AND TEN


ALL PRIMITIVE PEOPLE HAVE RECKONED TIME. NOT HOURS AND WEEKS, BUT UNDOUBTEDLY DAYS, MONTHS AND YEARS, MARKED OFF BY RECURRING SUNRISES, FULL MOONS AND SEASONS... AND THEIR STOMACHS' CALL FOR FOOD

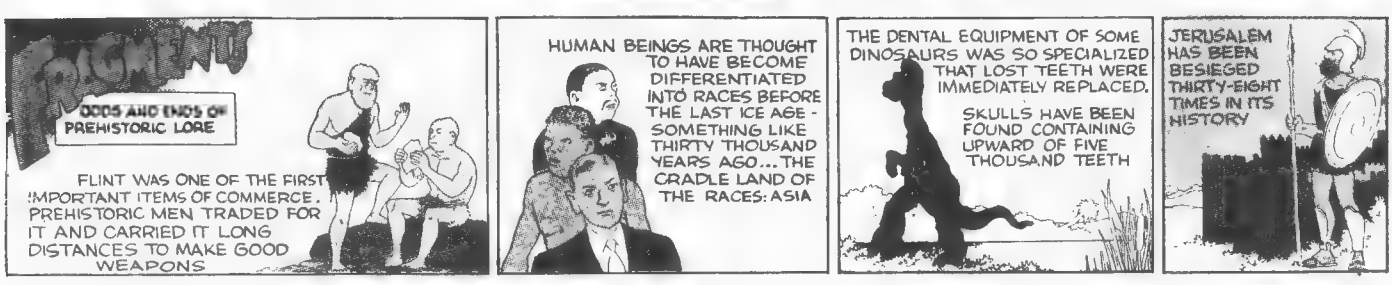

NOT ALL PREHISTORIC MEN WERE CAVE DWELLERS. DURING THE NEW STONE AGE IN EUROPE, HUNDREDS OF DWELLINGS WERE BUILT HIGH UP ON PILINGS AROUND LAKE SHORES. CONSIDERING THE TOOLS AT HAND, THE LABOR INVOLVED MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIFIC
4-2


CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK
OH, I FEEL SO-- WHY ALLEY, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?
TO ME? GOSH, OOOLA LOOK AT YERSELF! I CAN SEE RIGHT THRU YOU! YOU'RE FADING AWAY!
By V.T. Hamlin
MEANWHILE (JUST A MATTER OF A FEW MILLION YEARS!) A SUPER-SCIENTIST EXPERIMENTS WITH A REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY!! IN AN ULTRA-MODERN LABORATORY, PARALYZING STREAMS OF ELECTRONIC VIBRATIONS POUR THROUGH MAZES OF APPARATUS...BENDING LIGHT-WAVES, SCRAMBLING DIMENSIONS.... A TIME MACHINE!!
WILL IT WORK?
DOC! I BELIEVE WE'VE DONE IT! THERE'S SOMETHING ON THAT FILM!
EH? Y'MEAN WE GOT A PICTURE WITH THAT MOVIE CAMERA WE SENT BACK THRU OUR TIME MACHINE?
PHOTO LABORATORY

I CAN'T BE SURE -- BUT, DOC, IF WE DID GET SOMETHING, IT WILL BE OUR FIRST PROOF THAT YOUR TIME MACHINE WAS A SUCCESS
YES, JON-THAT WAS A CLEVER IDEA, THE TRANSMITTING AND RE-MATERIALIZING OF A MOVING PICTURE CAMERA
WELL, THAT WAS OUR BEST BET! EVEN THOUGH THE GUINEA PIG PROVED THE MACHINE HARMLESS TO ANIMATE TISSUE, IT WAS STILL TOO RISKY FOR ONE OF US TO TRY!
QUITE SO! WELL, GET OUT THE PROJECTOR. MEANWHILE, I'LL START THE TUBES WARMING UP FOR FURTHER EXPERIMENTS
SINCE WE ARE WORKING DEFINITELY ON THE RE-CAPTURE OF DEPARTED LIGHT RAYS, ANYTHING WE GET WILL BE OUT OF THE PAST
BUT HOW FAR BACK? YESTERDAY? LAST YEAR? OR... PERHAPS MILLIONS OF YEARS?

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! PREHISTORIC MAN! BY GEORGE, WE'VE DONE IT!
GOOD HEAVENS, DOC!
SAY, DOC--THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A HOAX, COULD IT? NOBODY COULD HAVE TAMPERED WITH THAT FILM?
NOT A CHANCE, MY BOY! ONLY THREE PEOPLE ON EARTH KNOW OF THE NATURE OF MY EXPERIMENT! YOU AND I AND MY DAUGHTER, DEE!
SUCCESS AT LAST! I'LL STARTLE THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD!
THINK OF IT! A GLIMPSE INTO PREHISTORIC TIMES... SAY, Y'KNOW THAT GIRL... SHE WASN'T SO HARD TO LOOK AT--

BUT THAT BRUTE WITH HER... BRR! I'D HATE TO MEET UP WITH HIM!
WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS THE TIME WILL COME WHEN WE CAN MATERIALIZE OBJECTS FROM... OH! OH! THE TUBES! I FORGOT I'D LEFT THEM WARMING UP!
SNAP CRACKLE POP
COPR. 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
GOOD HEAVENS, DOC! LOOK! THE TIME MACHINE! IT'S BROUGHT THEM THRU!
WELL, MY STARS! I MUST HAVE TRIPPED THE MATERIALIZATION SWITCH! EUREKA! IT WORKS!
4-9 —V.T. Hamlin


FRAGMENTS
ODDS AND ENDS OF PREHISTORIC LORE
FLINT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST IMPORTANT ITEMS OF COMMERCE. PREHISTORIC MEN TRADED FOR IT AND CARRIED IT LONG DISTANCES TO MAKE GOOD WEAPONS
HUMAN BEINGS ARE THOUGHT TO HAVE BECOME DIFFERENTIATED INTO RACES BEFORE THE LAST ICE AGE - SOMETHING LIKE THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO... THE CRADLE LAND OF THE RACES: ASIA
THE DENTAL EQUIPMENT OF SOME DINOSAURS WAS SO SPECIALIZED THAT LOST TEETH WERE IMMEDIATELY REPLACED.
SKULLS HAVE BEEN FOUND CONTAINING UPWARD OF FIVE THOUSAND TEETH
JERUSALEM HAS BEEN BESIEGED THIRTY-EIGHT TIMES IN ITS HISTORY

ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMLIN
PREHISTORIC MAN! GOOD HEAVENS, DOC, YOU'VE COMPLETED A MATERIALIZATION OUT OF THE PAST!
I FELT SURE WE COULD RECAPTURE LIGHT WAVES, BUT SOMEHOW... WE SEEM TO HAVE STUMBLED ON INTO THE REALM OF ATOMIC STRUCTURES!
AS A RESULT OF A SCIENTIFIC TINKER'S EXPERIMENT WITH A TIME MACHINE, WE NOW FIND OUR PREHISTORIC FRIENDS, ALLEY OOP AND OOOLA, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
BUT, JON... THIS MUST NOT GET OUT... NOT UNTIL I'VE LEARNED JUST WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE
WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THE EVIDENCE? THERE IT IS IN FLESH AND BLOOD!
UH-HUH! WE'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO TRANSMIT THEM BACK INTO THE PAST... AT ONCE!
IT'S A SHAME, BUT THERE'S NO PLACE IN THIS MODERN WORLD FOR THOSE POOR, DUMB CREATURES
HEY! WHO ARE YOU CALLIN' POOR, DUMB CRITTERS?
LOOKOUT! PUT DOWN THAT AX BEFORE YOU SHORT-CIRCUIT THA...
BLOOEY!
NOW YOU HAVE DONE IT! MY TIME MACHINE! LOOK AT IT! IT'S A MESS!
GOLLY! IT SURE IS, AIN'T IT? GEE, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!
SORRY? WHY, YOU BIG APE, DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'VE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO SEND YOU BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM?
Y'CAN'T? WELL, SHUX! WHAT OF IT? MEBBE I'LL LIKE IT HERE!
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU'RE MAROONED IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!
WELL, WHAT KIND OF A THING IS THAT? I NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE!
HE MEANS THAT WE CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, I CAN'T, EH? WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
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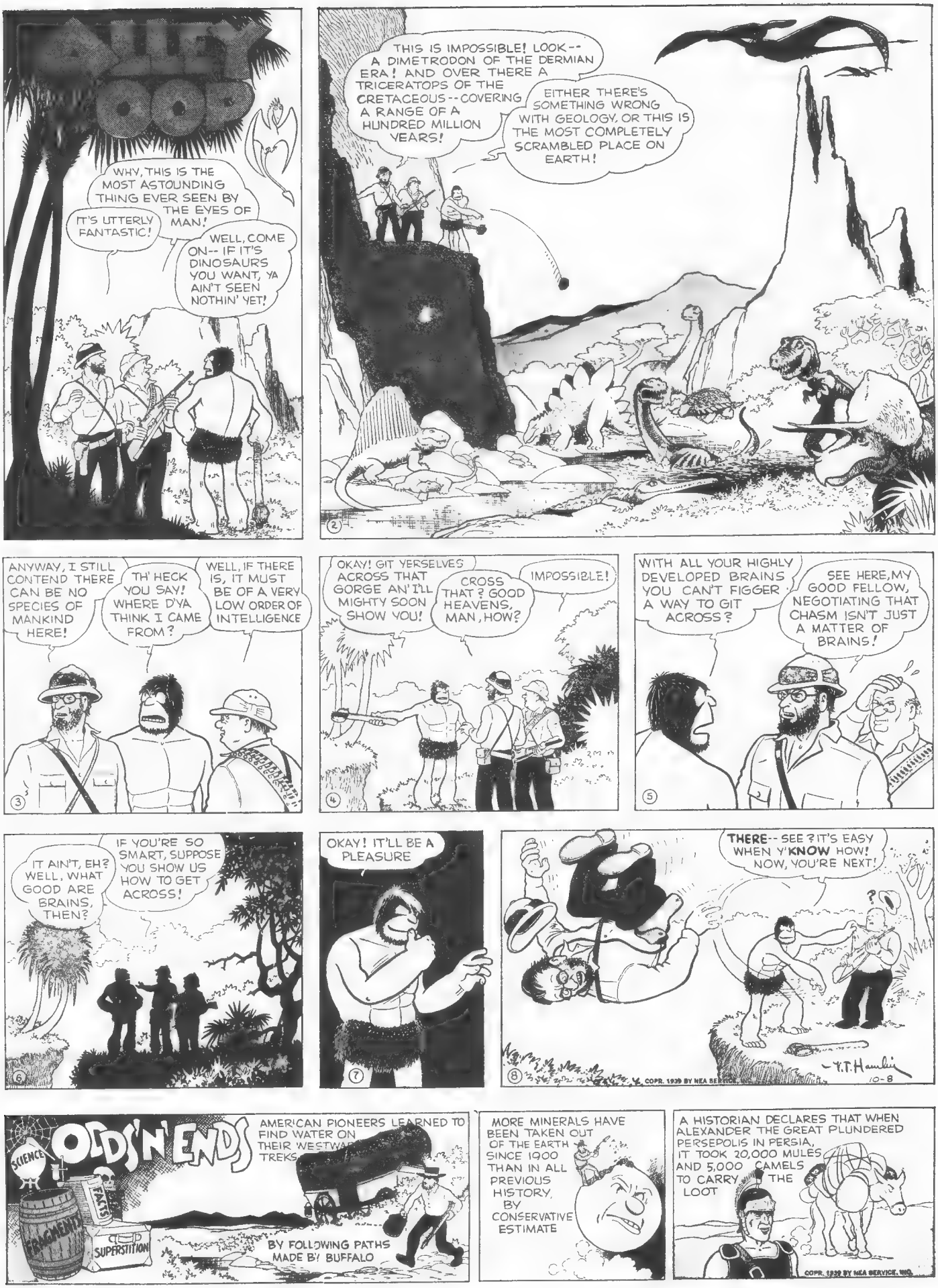
THERE Y'ARE, OOOLA--SEE?? I TOLD JUH HE WUZ CRAZY!
V.T. Hamlin

Scientists Say:
THERE ARE 101 KNOWN SUBSTANCES IN MILK... BUT NO CHEMIST HAS SUCCEEDED IN PUTTING THEM TOGETHER AND GETTING... MILK

BAM
THE COSMIC RAY ELECTRONS THAT BOMBARD THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE (DAY AND NIGHT) HAVE ENERGIES GREATER THAN TWO BILLION ELECTRON VOLTS

1938 WAS A BANNER HEALTH YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES, THERE WERE NO MAJOR EPIDEMICS OF INFLUENZA OR PNEUMONIA AND THE MARKED DECLINE IN AUTOMOBILE FATALITIES WILL SHOW FEWER DEATHS BY ONE FIFTH OVER 1937
BARRING UNFORESEEN ACTS OF NATURE, 1939 SHOULD EVEN BETTER THIS RECORD

THE DISCOVERY OF MAYA-LIKE RELICS IN OKLAHOMA HAS GIVEN RISE TO THE BELIEF THAT THIS GREAT CENTRAL-AMERICAN PEOPLE CARRIED ON A FAR-FLUNG COMMERCE IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE


ALLEY OOP
WHY, THIS IS THE MOST ASTOUNDING THING EVER SEEN BY THE EYES OF MAN!
IT'S UTTERLY FANTASTIC!
WELL, COME ON-- IF IT'S DINOSAURS YOU WANT, YA AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! LOOK-- A DIMETRODON OF THE DERMIAN ERA! AND OVER THERE A TRICERATOPS OF THE CRETACEOUS--COVERING A RANGE OF A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS!
EITHER THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH GEOLOGY, OR THIS IS THE MOST COMPLETELY SCRAMBLED PLACE ON EARTH!
2
ANYWAY, I STILL CONTEND THERE CAN BE NO SPECIES OF MANKIND HERE!
TH' HECK YOU SAY! WHERE D'YA THINK I CAME FROM?
WELL, IF THERE IS, IT MUST BE OF A VERY LOW ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE
3
OKAY! GIT YERSELVES ACROSS THAT GORGE AN' I'LL MIGHTY SOON SHOW YOU!
CROSS THAT? GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, HOW?
IMPOSSIBLE!
4
WITH ALL YOUR HIGHLY DEVELOPED BRAINS YOU CAN'T FIGGER A WAY TO GIT ACROSS?
SEE HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, NEGOTIATING THAT CHASM ISN'T JUST A MATTER OF BRAINS!
5
IT AIN'T, EH? WELL, WHAT GOOD ARE BRAINS, THEN?
IF YOU'RE SO SMART, SUPPOSE YOU SHOW US HOW TO GET ACROSS!
6
OKAY! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE
7
THERE-- SEE? IT'S EASY WHEN Y'KNOW HOW! NOW, YOU'RE NEXT!
?
8
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Y.T. Hamlin
10-8
SCIENCE
OLDS 'N' ENDS
AMERICAN PIONEERS LEARNED TO FIND WATER ON THEIR 'WESTWARD TREKS
FACTS
FRAGMENTS
SUPERSTITION
BY FOLLOWING PATHS MADE BY BUFFALO
MORE MINERALS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE EARTH SINCE 1900 THAN IN ALL PREVIOUS HISTORY, BY CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE
A HISTORIAN DECLARES THAT WHEN ALEXANDER THE GREAT PLUNDERED PERSEPOLIS IN PERSIA, IT TOOK 20,000 MULES AND 5,000 CAMELS TO CARRY THE LOOT
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ALLEY OOP
ALLEY OOP, OOOLA AND DOCTOR BRONSON, A TWENTIETH-CENTURY SCIENTIST, ALL INVOLVED IN THE FALL OF TROY, ARE ENDEAVORING TO ESCAPE FROM THE DOOMED CITY
G'WAN, SCRAM, YOU TWO--GIT IN THE CLEAR WHILE I HOLD OFF THIS TIN-PLATED MOB!
BUT, OOP, YOU CAN'T HOPE TO--
COME, DR. BRONSON--DO AS HE SAYS--HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT
BONG
CLANG
DAM
1
ALL RIGHT, OOP, COME ALONG--I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT NOW
2
STOP! WE CAN'T GO AHEAD!
WELL, IT'S A CINCH WE CAN'T GO BACK!
THIS SITUATION HAS ALL THE ELEMENTS OF A BAD DREAM!
3
YOU SAID IT, DOC! WELL, WE'LL MIGHTY SOON FIND OUT IF IT'S A DREAM OR NOT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE COURSE OPEN, SO...
4
5
WOW! BY GUM, THIS AIN'T NO DREAM!
ASH!
6
FOR MERCY SAKES! OH, ALLEY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OUCH! YEH, I GUESS SO... BUT MY FEET SURE STING PLENTY!
JUST A MINUTE--I'LL STRIKE A LIGHT
7
GOOD GOSH!
MY STARS, WE SEEM TO HAVE BROKEN RIGHT INTO THE TROJAN TREASURY!
OOH! HOW PRETTY!
8
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OLDS 'N' ENDS
SCIENCE
FACTS
FRAGMENTS
SUPERSTITION
?
MONGOLIA HAS NO RAILROADS
THE WORLD'S RAYON PRODUCTION HAS SHOT UP FROM ZERO TO TWO BILLION POUNDS A YEAR ALMOST WITHIN A GENERATION
ONE OF THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC CASUALTIES OF THE WAR HAS BEEN THE INTERNATIONAL WEATHER NEWS... NOT EVEN NEWS OF THE WEATHER IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES IS COMING THRU
WEATHER!
A NEW DEVICE TESTS THE SMOOTHNESS OF A METAL OR A PAINTED SURFACE, DETECTING VARIATIONS AS SLIGHT AS ONE MILLIONTH OF AN INCH
PRETTY SMOOTH, EH?
PHOOEY! IT'S SAND PAPER!

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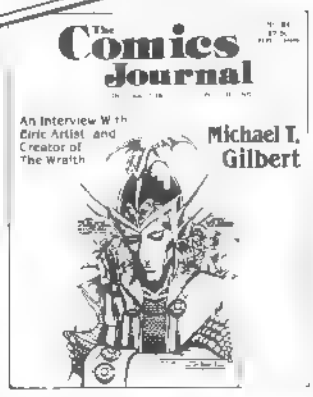
THE COMICS JOURNAL



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Playwright for Paper Actors:
The Allen Saunders Biography

—CHAPTER FOUR—

A Story Mill Starts to Grind

I might never have turned to fiction writing as an occupation except for a day spent in a morgue and a missed family picnic.

Not that I lacked examples to follow. In my undergraduate years at Wabash College, English Composition was taught as a separate discipline from English Literature. The department was headed by Rollo Walter Brown, who was a master at teaching the writing of English and who published a number of excellent, but unprofitable, novels. Some students in his courses sold to national magazines—Mencken and Nathan's then highly prestigious *Smart Set* for one—the compositions they turned in on assignments.

I have always regretted the fact that classes in the practice of writing are usually subordinated today to those in the appreciation of writing. I do realize, however, that grading and, in fact, editing hundreds of stories and essays every semester can be a man- or woman-killing task.

Content to bolster the family budget with the sale of an occasional cartoon, I had never felt the urge to sell fiction . . . until one beautiful summer afternoon when a group of faculty wives decided to have a pitch-in picnic lunch in a park at the edge of Crawfordsville. I walked out with Lois and John, a toddler then just learning what legs are for, but announced after lunch that I felt I should go home and mark exam books. Actually, the impulse moving me was a sudden compulsion to write and try to sell a detective story.

On the walk home, which took about a half-hour, I mentally juggled plot ingredients. I decided that the key gimmick should be an unusual way to hide a stolen jewel.

That day I had read an article about the way way South African diamond miners, working virtually naked, were examined every night on leaving work to make sure they were not holding gems in the mouth, tucking them into nostrils, or even pushing them into rectums. I discarded these tricks as having been already exposed and switched mental gears to consider an unusual central character, the man who would find a heretofore never conceived hiding place for a precious stone. And suddenly I remembered "The Ragged Stranger," lying on a morgue slab in Chicago.

Several months before, a World War I veteran, Carl Wanderer, had been the subject of an off-beat crime story in the press. As he and his wife approached their apartment one night, they were confronted by an armed man who demanded money. There was, as the newspapers described it, a savage struggle, with the veteran wrestling the holdup man for possession of the latter's revolver. A shot was fired, killing Mrs. Wanderer. But her husband tore the weapon from the robber's grip and killed him also.

For several days, Chicago newspaper readers sympathized with Carl Wanderer and mentally applauded the veteran for having, at the risk of his own life, gunned down his wife's murderer. Then came a shocking report from the police crime lab. The serial number on the bandit's revolver had been traced. The weapon belonged to a relative of the bereaved veteran.

Confronted with this incriminating fact, Wanderer confessed. He had been unhappy in civilian life and wanted to reenlist in the army. His wife was an obstacle, so he devised a plot to get rid of her.

He had found a Skid Row derelict who, for a few dollars, would stage a fake holdup during which the wife would be fatally shot. What the man didn't realize was that Wanderer had no intention of leaving him alive to disclose the sordid scenario.

Wanderer was found guilty of the double murder and sentenced to death. As he walked to the execution chamber, he delighted the sob sisters and their male colleagues covering the event by lifting his voice in one of the day's popular songs: "Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?"

But, even in his last living moments, apparently, Wanderer was devious. According to a rumor in journalistic circles, he had been bribed by a reporter to make his earthly exit in such a way as to furnish colorful copy.

The body of Wanderer's unwitting accomplice was stored in the Cook County Morgue. The ticket tied to his toe read: "The Ragged Stranger." He was never identified and eventually was buried in an unmarked grave. But the body was held for months before interment in the hope that someone might recognize the victim of Wanderer's duplicity . . . and it was still there when my city editor on the now long defunct Chicago *Journal* sent me to the morgue to do a follow-up story on the unlucky vagabond.

The horror of that day etched itself in my memory so deeply that I can still recall every detail. The rows of twisted forms on coffin-shaped trays . . . The black and bloated corpses dragged from the river . . . The eerie silence, broken only by the rhythmic sound of dripping water.

The morgue keeper pulled out a slab, like a ghastly filing-cabinet drawer. I glanced at the waxen face and fled to the sunlight outside.

Walking home from the picnic grounds, I started piecing together a plot in which someone like "The Ragged Stranger" had been shot while stealing a huge pearl from an exhibit of the crown jewels of Calvania. The pearl had never been found. Actually, the thief had one empty eye-socket and, as a confed-

erate who visited the morgue well knew, he had hidden the pearl there.

I finished the story that afternoon and mailed it to *Flynn's Weekly*, a detective story magazine, picking the publication at random on the assumption that the manuscript would eventually show up again in my mailbox. But instead I received a letter saying they would buy it if I could offer bank references as proof that I hadn't been guilty of plagiarism. These I mailed and back came my first check . . . for $35.

The story appeared in *Flynn's* January 1, 1927 issue with a warning foreword: ". . . recommended only to readers of strong nerves and stout hearts."

A caricature of Allen Saunders by Nelson Eddy, from the late 1930s.

Months later, when I had become a regular contributor to *Flynn's* and other pulp magazines, I borrowed a book of short detective stories, *Cleek of Scotland Yard*, from the public library. The author was a woman, Charlotte M. Kingsley, who used the *nom de plume* Thomas W. Hanshew. She had died in 1914, but her stories about "Cleek, The Man of Forty Faces" were so popular that this fresh edition had just been brought out. I opened the book with hand-rubbing anticipation . . . and to my dismay found a tale about the theft of a huge precious stone from the exhibit of a mythical kingdom's crown jewels by a man who (my blood froze as I read it) concealed the stone in his empty eye-socket!

I had never read the story before, but the editor of *Flynn's* would not have believed that. Fortunately, he apparently was not a Thomas W. Hanshew fan and hadn't read stories about the multifaced Cleek, as he continued to buy products from my portable. And I realized for the first time that there are no new plots; that a writer's job is to find new ways of unfolding the old ones.

Working later on the *Toledo News-Bee*, I had little time for freelance writing, but I had learned early that discipline, not inspiration, turned words on paper into digits on publishers' checks. At the end of every working day, I rolled copy-paper into my typewriter and pecked out an installment of a story . . . a few words, or a few sentences.

I created one character who resulted in a series: Pinky Boyle, a bungling burglar. The humorous treatment was new in detective stories and Pinky proved to be a frequent help in balancing the family budget. Also, seeing my name listed on magazines covers, with those of such masters as Erle Stanley Gardner, was a great ego massage.

Giving crime stories a light touch didn't always bring applause and paychecks, however. I wrote one book-length yarn, *The Movie House Murders*, in which the leading character spiced his dialogue with humor. As book reviewer for the *News-Bee*, I had established a pleasant relationship with a well-regarded publisher. I sent him the novel manuscript and eventually he returned it with a personal letter instead of a rejection slip.

"I have never tried harder to like a book," he wrote. "Yours is well-constructed and highly readable. But I cannot accept the premise that humor has a place in the detective story. Murder, Mr. Saunders, is not funny."

My agent sold the book to another publisher, who went bankrupt before he could bring it out and it ended up in the pulp pages of *Detective Novel Magazine*.

About a year after the first publisher turned it down, I was scanning a New York newspaper for theatrical news and found an account of his murder . . . and the irony of his admonition, "Murder, Mr. Saunders, is not funny," struck like a blow.

He had been beaten to death in his apartment on Hallowe'en night by a man in a clown suit!

It would seem obvious that grinding out scores of detective stories would be perfect training for writing a comic strip about a detective. But such is not the case, as I found out when that opportunity presented itself.

In the early '40s, I was asked by my syndicate to take over the writing of *Dan Dunn*, a contemporary of *Dick Tracy*. The creator, Norman Marsh, I was told, has stormed out of a meeting with the syndicate editor, leaving a story only half-finished. The editor phoned a call for help. I took the train to Chicago, arriving about noon. I was given a malted milk and a sandwich for sustenance and a bale of proofs of the current *Dan Dunn* episode. "Write something . . . anything . . . that we can send out to client papers," I was told.

I puzzled over the proofs, as mystified as any reader. I could see no way to continue the story. Then the postman walked in with a package . . . two weeks of strips Marsh had mailed before his walk-out! They enabled me to complete the story and start one of my own . . . one in which I knew the answers to the puzzles presented.

Months later, we substituted Kerry Drake for Dan Dunn and I continued to write the copy for artist Alfred Andriola to illustrate.

By that time I had discovered that print detective stories had little in common with those on the comic page. In the former, the question is, or was in those years, "Whodunit?" But strip-readers cannot wait endless weeks for the answer. They must, with little delay, know who the culprit is. Their interest is in the "Howdunit?"—and, more importantly, how the guilty person is tracked down and brought to justice. All of which calls for an entirely different sort of inventiveness from the Sherlock Holmes/Nero Wolfe school of manhunters.

In other words, be it *Dick Tracy*, *Rip Kirby* or *Kerry Drake*, it is method, not mystery, that holds the reader.

It may be a simplistic approach to crime fiction, but I have always felt that the essential difference between "straight" novels and detective novels is fairly well defined. The plot keystone of the former is something that should not have happened; of the latter it is something that *could not* have happened.

This holds true for the locked-room riddles of John Dickson Carr, or the broken alibis so frequently found in the works of Agatha Christie and Freeman Crofts.

As an addict of the Father Brown stories by G.K. Chesterton, I was thrilled one day, when he was lecturing in Toledo, to have a brief interview with him. Brashly, I asked him to tell me the secret of his nonpareil plotting.

"Very simple," he said. "You show how the impossible happens. For example, a person had been murdered, but a dozen unimpeachable witnesses testify that no one went near the place where the crime was committed. In the end you reveal that the postman was the culprit. No one ever actually sees and remembers a postman, a waiter, or the lad who puts petrol in your car."

When the pulp fiction market dried up, I sold a few stories to slick-paper magazines, but soon realized that I couldn't compete with the men and women whose names would eventually appear in textbooks on serious writing. And I turned to the theater.

Predictably, my venture into this field was accidental and involved crime. Our village dramatic society couldn't afford to pay the royalty on a play, so I wrote one for them, *Three Taps at Twelve*, which I directed and in which my wife had a leading role. After the melodrama's brief run, I sold it to Samuel French, play publishers, and they subsequently bought a number of other futile attempts to win me an opening night on Broadway. The royalties helped to feed a growing family, but more importantly, they honed my skill in narration through dialogue, the basic tool of a comic strip writer.

I have often read how a superstar in the mystery field originally was forced to read reams of crime fiction and, telling himself, "I can turn out a better book than these guys", went on to prove it. I am still an avid reader of detective stories. Sometimes I am tempted to uncover my dusty typewriter. But then my Scottish ancestry takes over. Even if, in the face of today's powerful competition, I sold a story, I could earn many times the current word rate by turning the material into three months of comic-page copy. So I resist the temptation and go back to the drawing-board, which is no loss, I am sure, to less ephemeral literature.

—CHAPTER FIVE—

"Talent" in Tents

Mention the word "Chautauqua" to a member of today's younger generation, or even to a person of middle-age, and you will probably get a puzzled headshake. That once-thriving institution which brought entertainment of sorts and a modicum of erudition to the hinterland, is as extinct as whale-oil lighting. Improved highways enabling rural dwellers to find diversion and enlightenment in cities, plus the swift growth in the popularity of radio, had virtually doomed Chautauqua by the late '20s.

Yet I have wondered if the lack of quality in the programs offered under those canvas tents—speakers, performers, lecturers—might well have been a factor contributing to the institution's demise. If that is true, I must share the guilt for the sad dropping of the final curtain.

In the spring of 1926, I learned that Community Chautauquas, based in nearby Indianapolis, was auditioning for a production of "A Message From Mars", a highly imaginative drama written for the famed British actor Sir Beerbohm Tree. It should have been Lois who took the Interurban to a warehouse on the outskirts of the capital city to read for a part. She had talent. But Johnny was a toddler too young to leave and I had unwarranted self-confidence. I auditioned and was engaged for a leading role.

Short-changing my students, I commuted almost daily to that warehouse in Indianapolis for rehearsals under a grim-faced woman director and, after two hectic weeks, she judged us capable of facing an audience.

The first date on our schedule was in early June, before the end of classes at Wabash, but the college administration generously allowed me to give final examinations and get away early. So, on June 9, with ungraded exam books in my suitcase, I bade a tearful farewell to Lois and Johnny and climbed behind the wheel of a decrepit touring car, bound for Paint Lick, Kentucky, for our opening performance. I eventually checked the exam books, mailed in final grades for my students and threw the "blue books" into the Ohio River, whence some fishermen doubtless hooked a few and wondered at the bizarre stock with which the Bureau of Fisheries was seeding the stream.

My passengers were three young ladies, "The Parkinson Trio," a cellist, a violinist, and a pianist, who were to give a concert each afternoon before the day's lecture and take the female roles in the drama that night. Scenery, props, electrical devices (unusually sophisticated for Chautauqua use) and costumes were hauled in a new Ford truck, driven alternatively by Kingsley Given, who was cast as the Martian Messenger, and Eddie Green, a remarkably versatile young actor who, with the aid of sundry wigs and beards, appeared as three assorted characters.

Before we had cleared the city limits of Indianapolis, the venerable touring car began to rebel. Although I was, and still am, a moron in mechanical know-how, I managed to keep us moving all day. But we limped into Paint Lick at 5 p.m.—too late for the afternoon program.

We stumbled through our first performance and, escaping a disappointed audience, started out to drive most of the night to our next date. Again our temperamental vehicle made us late and I phoned the home office for help. Next day, as we crept along a Kentucky by-road, a new model-A touring car overtook us. We transferred our luggage to it, turned over the keys for the ancient wreck to the driver, and breezed on happily.

Driving long distances at night was a way of life for performers in small Chautauquas. Redpath, the Big Time in culture "under" canvas, which offered such stellar attractions as Sousa's Band and an address by William Jennings Bryan, handled schedules more efficiently. But for us in the minor leagues, making dates was a matter of constant zig-zagging. Normally, we packed props and scenery and set out around midnight after each performance and headed for some hamlet which was hundreds of miles away. After a show there, we often drove back to our next date in a town only a half-hour's drive from the one where we had appeared two nights before.

The company owned seven tents, one of which was always moving. Each tent was staffed with a platform superintendent (usually a minister taking a summer leave-of-absence from his pulpit), a girl playground worker (who staged a children's pageant on the final day with a cast of local children), and two crew boys who erected and maintained a tent. So, each day we met familiar faces . . . and heard the latest gossip about which crew boy the playground worker was currently romancing.

Although Redpath was able to attract superior "talent," programs differed little from one Chautauqua system to another and were, in fact, often interchanged, with a speaker for Community filling in for an indisposed speaker from White and Brown. Almost without exception, the five-day series would offer a band, or sizeable instrumental ensemble, a magician, several lectures (one a travelogue, one a crowd-frightener on some subject like "The Yellow Peril: the Menace of an Autocratic Japan"), and, invariably, a play.

It was customary to close a week's program with the play. There was a practical reason for this. Between acts, the plat-

form superintendent addressed the audience and pleaded with local businessmen to sign next year's contract. In 1926, communities were becoming disenchanted with Chautauqua and the exhortation often took more than an hour during the two intermissions.

We performers sat in our grass-carpeted or mud-floored dressing rooms and listened to the supe's hoarse pleading. If he failed to get the required number of signatures, we knew that we would meet his replacement when we came again to that tent.

In addition to a week of attractive-sounding programs and an eloquent superintendent, the off-platform behavior of the employees was of primary importance to "The System." Our behavior was rigidly monitored to avoid even a hint of justification for criticism.

Drinking, of course, or the overheard use of profanity, would result in instant severance of employment. Even smoking in public was forbidden and I was forced to puff my pipe in the secrecy of my hotel room. Nor did an actor ever embrace an actress on stage. In the final scene of "Messenger," the script called for me to embrace my fiancee. But to skirt this taboo, I could only move purposefully toward her, with five chaste feet between us as the curtain fell.

In Chautauqua company headquarters, where a sense of humor apparently was as unknown as heatstrokes in the Arctic, all performers were referred to as "talent." Each employee was, when hired, handed a sheet of what were euphemistically referred to as "suggestions." In addition to the shuddering ukases against alcohol and nicotine, "suggestions to talent" included such paragraphs as:

"Audiences are not conscious of their influence on the speaker or entertainer. Help them get the proper attitude and thus put you and your fellow platformists over with enthusiasm."

"Remember that the platform superintendent, like you, is always trying to work for the interest of the chautauqua and the system."

(Translation: Patronize hotels and restaurants owned by contract signers.)

"Talent will enter by the rear entrance to the tent and never walk through the audience."

"Men on our program should never pay attention to ladies in our towns and ladies should not receive attention from the men. Disregard of this rule will be sufficient cause for dismissal.

Even then I was familiar with a story popular in railway smoking cars. A professor of Shakespearean drama asks a leading man: "In your opinion, did Hamlet sleep with Ophelia?" To which the star replies: "I couldn't say; but I usually do."

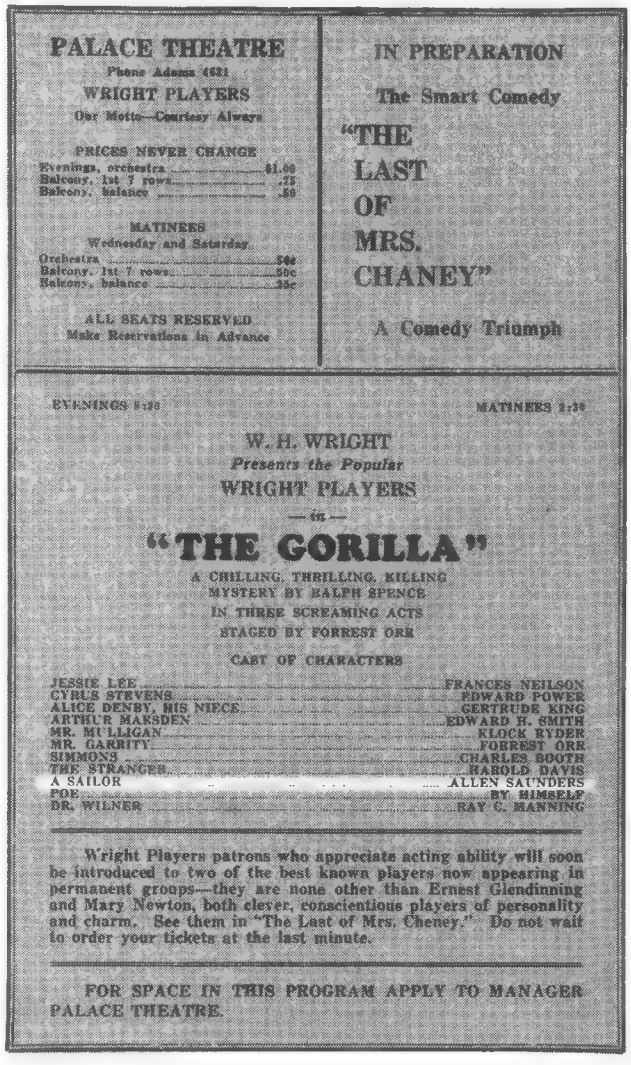
Final admonition on the sheet of "suggestions" was: "Constantly maintain a boosting and optimistic attitude about the system. You can do much to maintain goodwill toward Chautauqua by your conversation with local residents." In other words, Don't knock it, old buddy: remember who pays your grocery bill.

The "suggestions to talent" failed somehow to include any suggestions as to how said "talent" could drive all night and face an audience with freshness the next day. Strangely enough, however, our zig-zag routing, which usually called for all-night driving, actually became for several weeks a highly rewarding experience, due entirely to the presence of the passenger who shared the front seat with me.

At one point, we took aboard a lecturer named Mrs. Demarchus Brown from Indianapolis. The first morning she came out of a rooming-house and approached the Ford, I glanced with misgivings at the space beside me. She approached in physical proportions the traditional five-by-five. Her girth in comparison to her height suggested an old-fashioned baseburner heating stove. But her sense of humor was as well-developed as her waistband.

"I'll be quite comfortable," she commented, as she estimated the space beside me. "I've tried on five Fords and they all fit perfectly."

Before we had driven five miles, it was apparent that our afternoon lecturer was unforgettable. Learning that my trade was teaching French, she started speaking with a fluency and accent far superior to my own. She also shifted occasionally into quite creditable conversational Italian. But it was her



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Wright Players patrons who appreciate acting ability will soon be introduced to two of the best known players now appearing in permanent groups—they are none other than Ernest Glendinning and Mary Newton, both clever, conscientious players of personality and charm. See them in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Do not wait to order your tickets at the last minute.

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facility in Modern Greek that made our night drives most enjoyable. We usually took a lunch break around midnight. Restaurants open at that hour were often owned and staffed by immigrant Greeks. The unaccustomed delight of hearing their native tongue usually turned proprietor and waiters into hosts and we were treated like ambassadors.

Linguistic skill was not the only thing that make Mrs. Brown memorable. As the long night hours grew tiring, there being in those days no car radio, she would ask: "Would you like to hear a lecture on the love life of Oscar Wilde . . . or perhaps an opera?" A vote for a lecture brought an engrossing two hours of well-researched facts about the British writer. If we preferred opera, Mrs. Brown did, for example, a spirited narration of the story, of *La Traviata*, taking all the roles and singing all the arias.

Each afternoon, likewise, her audience was offered a choice of a dozen lecture subjects. A show of hands indicated the preference and, like pushing a button, the speaker did her lecture with moving enthusiasm, word for word as she might have done it an evening before. The response was a Chautauqua salute—a sea of fluttering handkerchiefs; handclapping was considered somehow a gross method of expressing approval.

Mrs. Brown was a speed-reader years before I ever heard the term. Although she could quote Artistotle in the original, her leisure reading fodder was pulp magazine fiction. During an evening performance, she would sit in, or, weather permitting, outside the women's dressing room and devour dime detective novels and short stories. But she read them almost as fast as she could turn the rough paper pages. And, quizzing her afterward, I could find no plot twist she had missed.

When she learned that I wrote pulp fiction, our friendship grew even stronger. Until she also discovered my twin avocation.

We were driving along a West Virginia road one night when drowsy conversation turned to the occult. "I not only believe in it," Mrs. Brown observed, "I know that extra-sensory perception exists." And in a manner as matter-of-fact as if she were relating an incident in the life of Whittier, she described a recent happening in her Indianapolis home.

Mrs. Brown seldom mentioned her husband, but often brought, unnecessarily, into the conversation the name of "a very dear friend," a handsome young Greek naval officer.

"We exchanged letters every week," she told us. "And when I missed one week hearing from him I was strangely depressed. My mulatto maid was combing my hair when suddenly she stiffened, her fingers became like talons and she started talking to me in perfect modern Greek, a language about which she knew nothing."

"'I see a wrecked ship,' she whispered, 'and a hillside covered with beautiful flowers!' She described the flowers. They were very familiar to me. My maid had shown psychic power before and I was not especially perturbed. But a year later, I was traveling in Greece and visited the home of my officer friend. His parents told me that the dear boy had drowned in a shipwreck. We went to his grave. It was on a hillside, covered with beautiful Greek anemones—the flowers my maid had described to me in accurate detail a year before."

"Write the story," I urged her, "and I'll do illustrations for it." She had never before heard how I passed afternoons over a sheet of illustration board. "You're an artist?" she asked in some surprise. Without urging, I brought out a stack of the savage drawings I did each week for *Tolerance*, the anti-Klan magazine. Her attitude chilled. "You are helping turn our country over to Negroes, Jews and Catholics!" she snapped.

It was our last amiable conversation. I learned belatedly that she was head of the Ladies of the Camellia, Indiana chapter. That organization was the female auxiliary of the national Ku Klux Klan.

There were no affectionate farewells when, some weeks later, she was replaced by a lecturer almost equally interesting, a flamboyant Middle-Easterner named Sumeyeh Atteyeh.

Whereas Mrs. Brown had a sharp intellect and an instantly accessible store of incredibly unusual information, Sumeyeh had showmanship. In her hotel room, or the spare bedroom of some local Chautauqua supporter, she would spend hours each afternoon troweling on makeup. Dark blue greasepaint around the eyes, clown white generously applied, red lips enlarged beyond anything found in nature and her fairly plain face would have attracted no comment in a crowd of bystanders watching the arrest of the Forty Thieves.

With her face a marvel of skilled artistry, she turned now to her costume. She never enlightened any of us as to her ethnic origin—Lebanese, Arabic, Syrian, or East Side New York—but when she dressed for an afternoon appearance she could have stepped into the streets of Istanbul and attracted not a second glance. A flowered blouse, ankle-length bloomers held up by a wide satin sash, exotic sandals: she was an Oriental Middle-Eastern painting come to life.

She left her room a full hour before performance time and chose the most populous streets to reach the tents. In every block, she caught attention and picked up followers. By the time she disappeared in her dressing room, the front seats of the auditorium were filled with eagerly anticipating oldsters.

Her lecture was entitled: "My Narrow Escape From A Turkish Harem". I can recall nothing but the climax. After describing to a breath-holding audience her flight from unidentified seekers of nubile bodies for royal enjoyment, she clasped her hands over her ample bosom and half-whispered: "But thank Gawd I was saved in the right and psychological moment!" We never learned how she was saved, nor, for that matter, what the right and psychological moment for such a rescue is, but she never failed to be accorded waving handkerchiefs by a tingling audience that had vicariously known the thrill of slipping out of the clutches of Turkish white slavers.

Eventually the impression grew that all lecturers were psychic. Without her half-inch of face cream and her exotic costume, Sumeyeh would hardly have turned a head on Main Street. Her only eccentricity as a passenger was bringing a quart of fresh milk aboard in a glass jar. With annoying frequency, it either turned noisomely sour in the summer heat or leaked over the space between our seats. Her conversation was no more exciting than that of any Middle-Eastern visitor riding through our Middle West.

It was therefore somewhat startling one day when she settled herself and her quart of milk beside me with the casual remark: "There has been a death in my family. I wonder who." We waited for her to go on. "I saw an apparition last night," she remarked casually. "It was not a dream. When I entered the room here that I had rented, I saw an old man walking ahead of me. He stared at me and shook his head sadly. I know only one old man, my grandfather."

A few days later, Sumeyeh received, as she often did, a letter in Arabic. It was, she said, from her sister in Syria . . . and it informed her that her grandfather had died on the very day she had had her vision in the dark parlor of a rooming-house in an Indiana village. She did the afternoon lecture with us for several weeks after that. Her successor was a flamboyant evangelist who spoke often of miracles but, to our secret disappointment, he had no tales to tell of personal experiences with the supernatural.

What was it like to be talent under a tent in the midwest of the 1920s? Not too much fun! Nor, according to my small but conscientiously kept diary, was it a great ego massage.

Foreshadowing, perhaps, the dozen years later when I would support a growing family by being brutally frank about the shortcomings of films and stage plays, every day's diary entry noted, briefly but with assured candor, my judgment on the previous night's performance of "A Messenger From Mars." Few were complimentary.

Sometimes a fiasco was blamed on the audience, not sufficiently aware of the high quality of the production they were privileged to witness; sometimes the tent caught the blame for less-than-ecstatic handkerchief waving at the final curtain. But the tent did sometimes blow down in a high wind, forcing us to appear *al fresco* or, on one occasion, on a platform of planks in a local poolroom, with juvenile chins hooked over the edge of the makeshift stage. There were towns, also, so proud of their new school buildings that we were forced to do our show in the auditorium, regardless of the fact that neither scenery nor electrical equipment could be made to fit or operate.

There were other distractions. Our tent was often situated near a railroad and dialogue either had to be halted or drowned out by passing trains. An occasional argument over seats could delay action for a quarter-hour and one evening an epileptic suffered an attack so violent that we rang down the curtain on the final act an hour early.

Taking advantage of 40-cent dollars I managed to save out of a salary of $40 a week, plus the occasional fee for a cartoon or a piece of pulp fiction. I finally had enough to make a down payment on the first new car Lois and I had ever owned, a four-door Chrysler with a spare tire and self-starter.

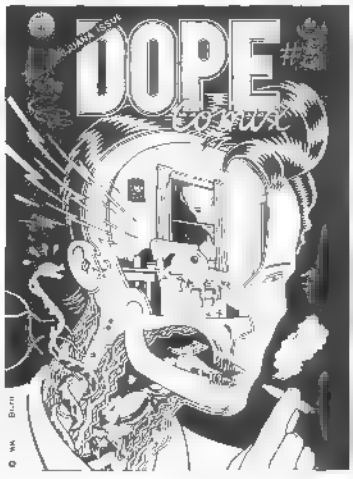
But added enlightenment could be found on the left-hand pages of my diary. Every penny spent was scrupulously recorded, along with the reason for the extravagance.

A hotel room was usually a dollar. One night in a private home cost 75 cents. Breakfast averaged 15 cents, lunch and dinner from 30 to 60 cents. The summer's one haircut came to 40 cents, without tip. Nor were luxuries foregone. There are carefully noted outlays for chewing gum at a nickel a pack, five cents for stamps and even an afternoon movie or vaudeville show at 15 cents. The dimes listed for *Flynn's Detective Weekly* came under the head of Business Expense. *Flynn's* bought a story about once a month—at two cents a word.

It was not a relaxing summer, but an instructive one. In addition to learning how to stretch $40 a week into a down-payment on a new Chrysler, I discovered that I should forever avoid an acting career. But, most importantly, from repeating lines night after night and noting the listeners' reaction, I learned how to tell a story in dialogue technique, which is what story-strip writing is all about.

At the season's end, I was offered a contract to do the role in "Messenger" in schoolhouse auditoriums. This circuit, known as "Lyceum," paid a bit better than Chautauqua. But I had proved to my own satisfaction that I stood a better chance of supporting Lois and John over a drawing board or a typewriter than behind footlights.

UNDERGROUNDS ARE NOT DEAD!



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HARVEY KURTZMAN & WILL ELDER

GOODMAN BEAVER

The long-awaited **Goodman Beaver** collection, originally announced for November publication, ran into some legal snags and will *not* be available before Christmas. However, it *is* **at press** and will be out soon after Xmas

The **Goodman Beaver** book features four complete classic stories by **Harvey Kurtzman** and **Will Elder** plus a lengthy illustrated introduction by **Dave Schreiner** providing background information, commentary by **Elder & Kurtzman** and a synopsis of the ill-fated "Goodman Goes Playboy" story which cannot be included in this volume.

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Penmen of the Past

Doolhey

Buckwheat cakes and sausage

The premier artist-chronicler of American democracy, J.H. Donahey, perfectly embodies not only the souls and spirit of a small-town America that has all but disappeared, but also represents a school of cartooning whose types have passed as well.

His preoccupations, as we shall see in this portfolio, were home and hearth, farmer's kitchens, small-town small talk, the concerns of newlyweds and old folks. Better than any other newspaper panel cartoonist, Donahey illustrates the difference between political cartooning and editorial cartooning. Sometimes his subjects *were* political, and he caricatured the leaders of his day with the best of them, but he excelled at general, nonpartisan subjects in a day when life was slower; his reflections and observations—he comes to us now as a historian with a pen—were not nostalgic obsessions but rather natural reflexes to his environment.

As a cartoonist Donahey is in the front rank of the Midwestern School of newspaper artists, whose other prominent members include John McCutcheon and Billy Ireland. They also concentrated on homey subjects, and can be read today with anthropological eyes as mirrors of their times, sympathetic and never saccharin. In a larger sense, perhaps, these men personify another lost school of cartooning: the regional men who forsook big-city careers. It seems that cartoonists like Donahey shunned New York contracts not so much to play it safe with the security of Cleveland (where Donahey drew all his life); one senses an almost instinctive fear of losing touch with both his most successful thematic material and—much more important—the atmosphere, zeitgeist, the *soul* of his people. TAD Dorgan would have been out of place doing cracker-barrel stuff, and Donahey had the self-awareness to realize he had luckily found his place right where he was. Ireland put it best when he commented on rejecting offers from big-city papers: He said his object was not to break into New York but to break *back* into Chillicothe (Ohio, where he was born).

Cartoons from the collection of Richard Marschall

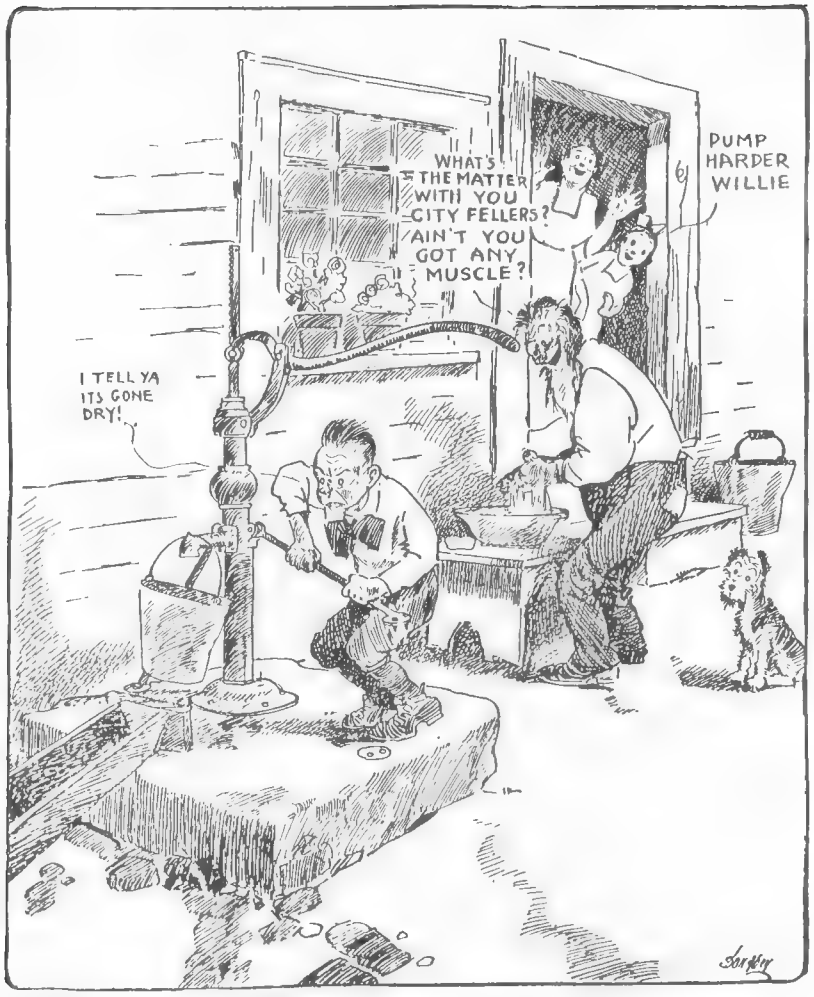
Sightseeing in Europe

Donahey was born April 8, 1875, near West Chester, Tuscawaras County, Ohio, to a family that was to distinguish itself in Buckeye history—besides his own celebrated career, Donahey's two brothers made their mark: Williams spent a lifetime drawing *The Teenie Weenies* childrens classics for newspapers and books (see this issue's "Fantasy in the Comics" article), and Vic became a U.S. senator and three-time Ohio governor. James, our penman, held several art jobs and drew news sketches for the Cleveland *World* before joining the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*; his first editorial cartoon appeared in the first week of 1900. He stayed with the *Plain Dealer* until three weeks before his death on June 1, 1949.

Until the *Plain Dealer* picked up syndicated plates from Hearst and McClure, Donahey was also the mainstay of the Sunday comic section. Until 1905 he produced such series as *Archie and Angie*, *Little Grandmothers*, and *Cunnel Moonshine*. And then he concentrated on daily panels; until about 1912, most of the subjects were political. During the Roosevelt years he produced some remarkable caricatures of the Rough-Rider President. The *Plain Dealer* was Democrat, but Donahey's cartoons were never vicious—rather TR came across as exuberant, brash, impulsive, somehow larger than life in all situations: all in all, an apt depiction. Donahey's contribution to Roosevelt iconography was a T and an R in each of his spectacle lenses—as if his masterful caricatures needed labels!

But around 1912, the homeliness referred to above entered Donahey's work. In truth the type of cartoons he drew thenceforth, the glimpses of home life, are the ultimate non-objectivist art in this field of cartoons and comics. Like Clare Briggs and J.R. Williams at their best, Donahey's panel cartoons served an extraordinarily different function than the vast majority of traditional newspaper cartoons. When he drew a farmer sitting back at the table and remarking on Maw's buckwheat cakes, for instance (such everyday vignettes were multiplied by the thousands), Donahey was not aiming for a belly laugh. Nor even a chuckle. There is nothing clever here. Neither does the captured moment represent anything significant in the character's day or the reader's life—necessarily. Donahey, over nearly half a century, never developed those folks into a continuing cast of characters. One would think he might have wanted to: We could care more about those folks if we got to know them better. But Donahey knew his intentions—we know that farmer *through* the situation. The lifestyle, the *larger* character of that type of man—the people, the stock, the part of America, the values he represents—are more to Donahey's point. He runs the risk in every cartoon of manifesting the cynical para-

Donahey, ca. 1912.



Willie helps Uncle Ez on the farm, but gets hold of the wrong handle!

phrase of Lincoln: "God must have hated the common people. . . He made them so common!"

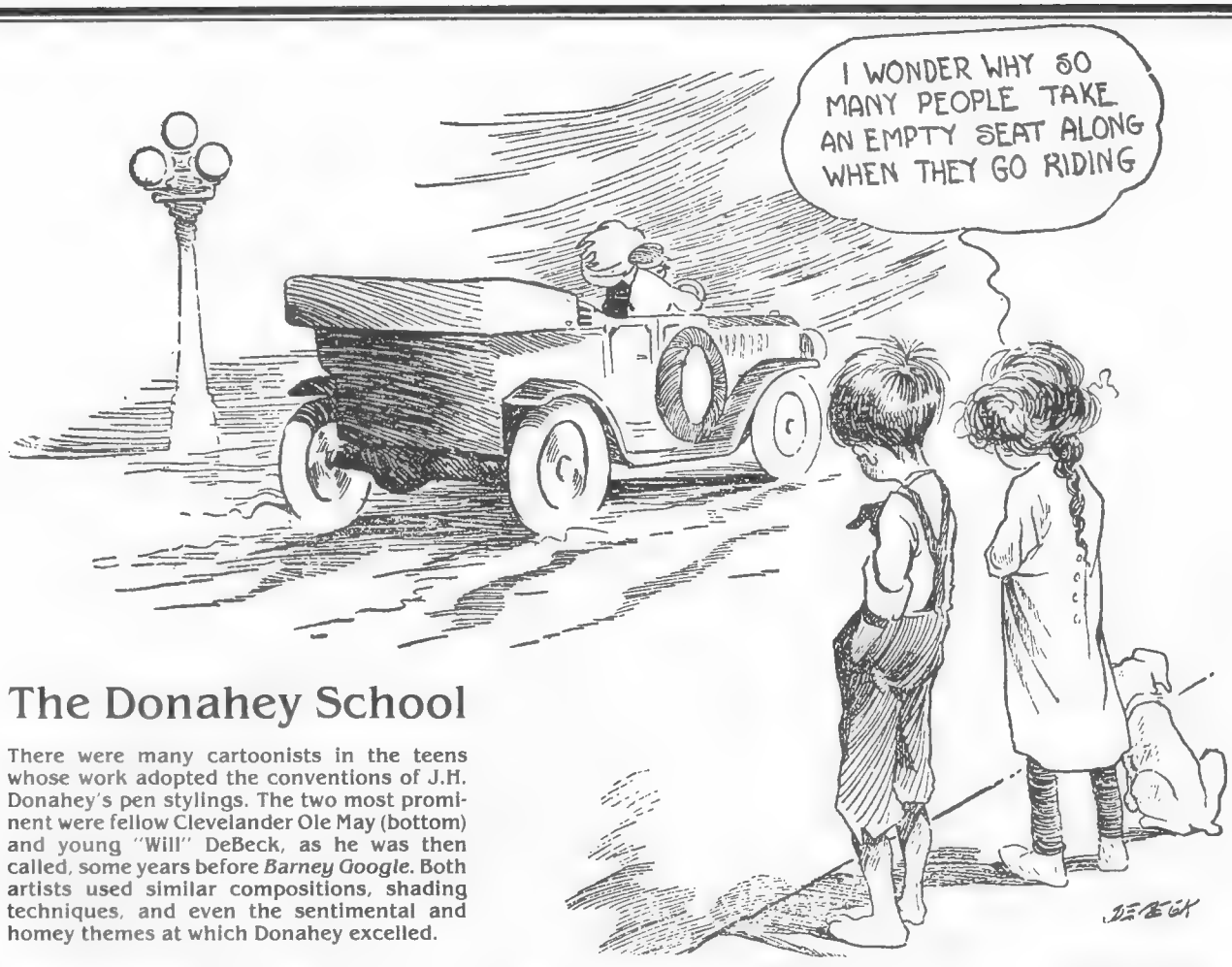
The elevation of the Everyday through a personal point of view (for we discover that such an informed vision cannot be that of an impartial reporter after all) is a rare thing in the arts, especially when the results are so evocative and compelling. Briggs and J.R. Williams, as noted, were able to accomplish this; so were John McCutcheon and, at times, Gaar Williams. In the strips, Harold Gray was the master.

Donahey's penwork was no less impressive. He drew in a wispy sort of realism, never using gross exaggeration. He spotted the figures and objects around his cartoons, sometimes dropping elements so that the principals seemed to be floating instead of on solid ground. But what held everything together was a shading technique he developed and many of his fellows copied. A ribbon of crosshatched lines wafts behind Donahey's figures; it is at once a background and shading, also a design element that unifies the drawing and leads the eye through the composition. It is possibly derived from the cartoons of veteran magazine and newspaper cartoonist Charles Green Bush (Donahey's figures, especially in the politicals, seem to owe something to Bush's approach as well), but was directly responsible for inspiring a school of imitators.

No doubt "imitators" is too strong. Donahey's talent was so impressive, and his cartoons so attractive, that many young cartoonists paid perhaps unconscious homage as they drew similarly. Across town, Ole May of the Cleveland *Leader* had a similar style (actually, they probably borrowed techniques from one another) and so did the young "Will" DeBeck, drawing political and editorial cartoons in the 'teens. DeBeck had succeeded May on the Pittsburgh *Gazette*, but when he wrote a

A strip fragment by Donahey from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Mar. 16, 1902.

AT THE BUSY ENTRANCE OF A BIG DOWN TOWN BUILDING.
"I ALWAYS HOLD THE DOOR OPEN FOR THE LADIES! TO, PASS OUT FIRST."
"IT'S A COURTESY DUE THEIR SEX, EVEN IF I DO HAVE TO WAIT A LITTLE TO GET IN."
"WELL, WELL, DON'T THAT BEAT ALL! —HERE ARE A LOT MORE COMING."
"WONDER IF THEY THINK I'M EMPLOYED TO DO THIS."
"I GOT TO BRUSH BY SOMEHOW, I'LL TRY TO SLIP BY THIS LADY HERE."
LADY "WHAT DO YOU MEAN SIR BY KNOCKING OVER MY BUNDLES. YOUR NO GENTLEMAN OR YOU'D ALWAYS LET A LADY GO BY FIRST!"



The Donahey School

There were many cartoonists in the teens whose work adopted the conventions of J.H. Donahey's pen stylings. The two most prominent were fellow Clevelander Ole May (bottom) and young "Will" DeBeck, as he was then called, some years before *Barney Google*. Both artists used similar compositions, shading techniques, and even the sentimental and homey themes at which Donahey excelled.

"Soon be time for sassafras tea, Mother, I'm gettin' one o' them spring cricks in my back."

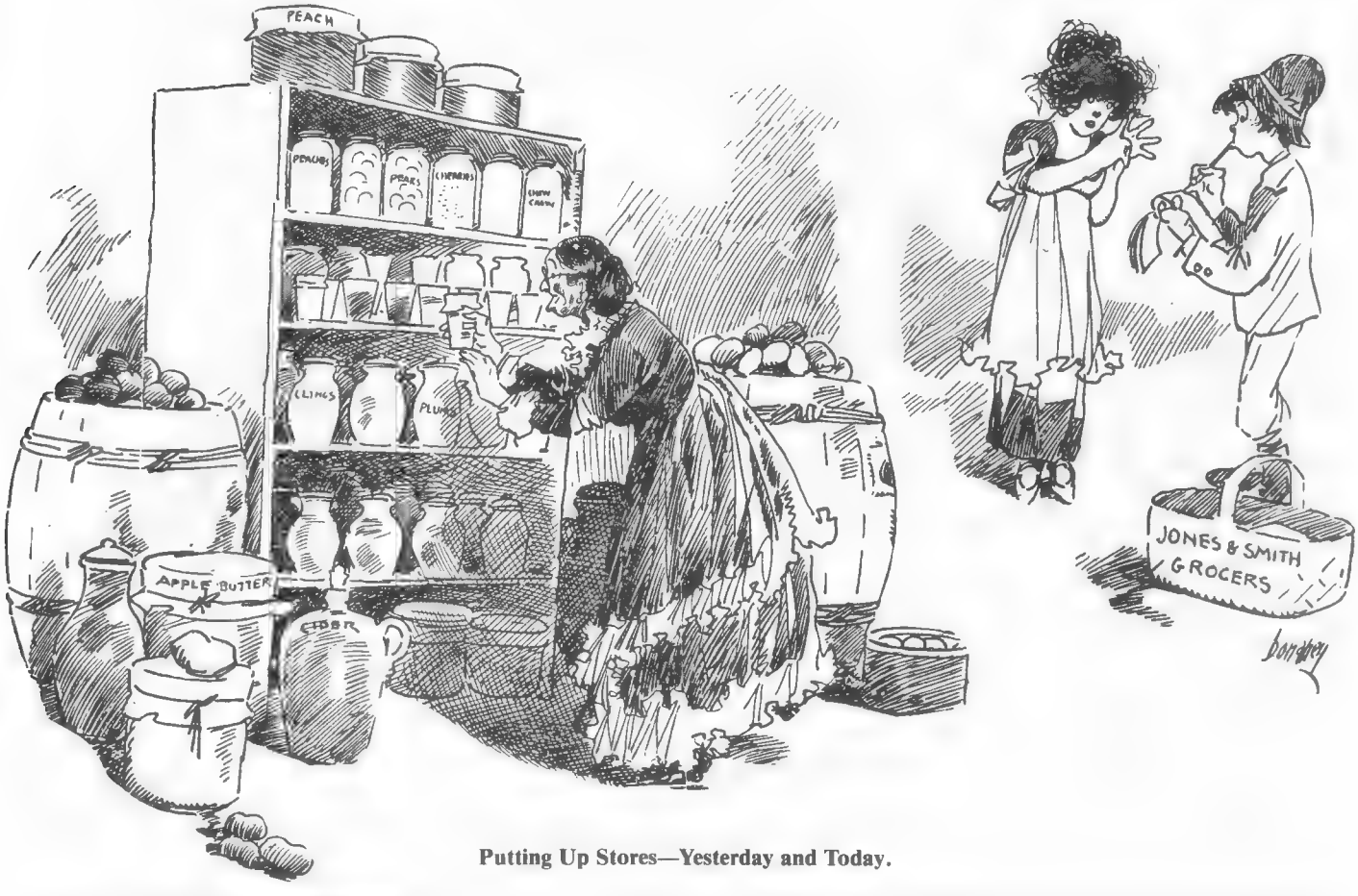
Willie's first day of his vacation helping grandpa on the farm!

cartoons course in the later 'teens, he advised students to copy Donahey's work when trying to draw pretty girls. There was no other artist he advised cartoonists to copy—and DeBeck's own penwork owes much to Donahey.

The cartoons in this article obviously represent a tiny fraction of Donahey's prolific output. Some day a major retrospective should appear. Until then, perhaps a fleeting sample is symbolically the best introduction to readers who don't know the work of J.H. Donahey: At his own best, it was fleeting, momentary, snapshot-type glances he excelled at—times of days, parts of lives, pieces of the past that we would have forgotten without his cartoons. More: They are precious moments we would have never thought to notice.

—Rick Marschall

"Well, maybe they'll write tomorrow"



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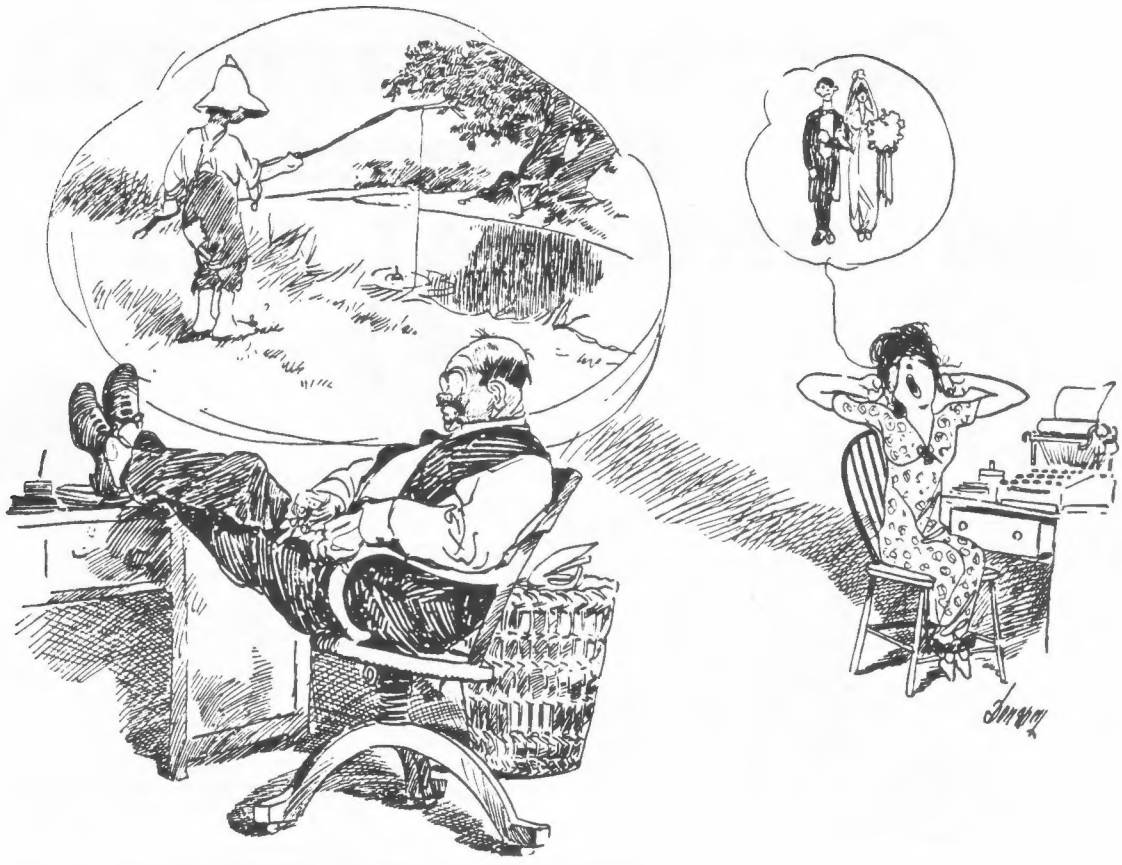

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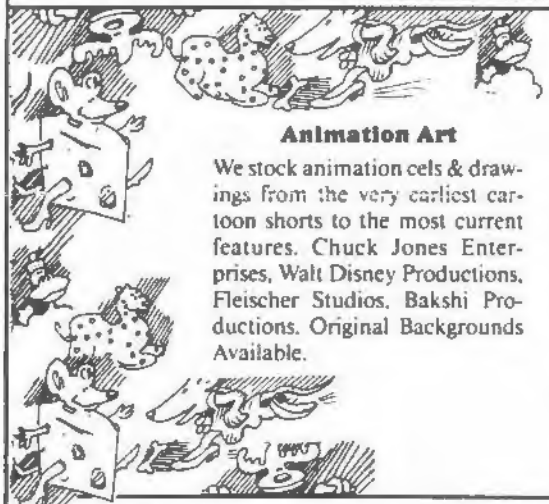

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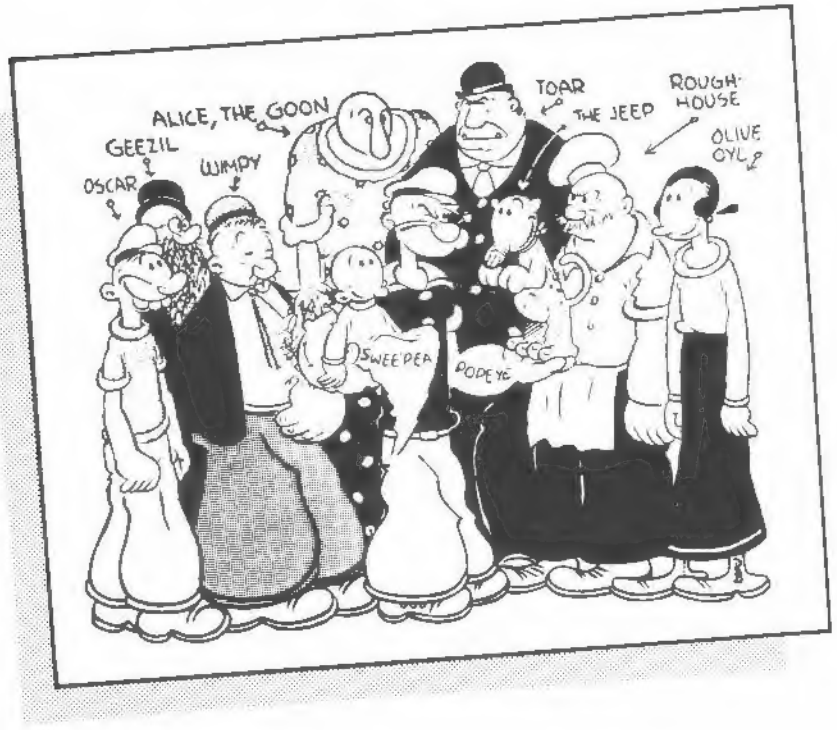

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